POEMS

On several

CHOICE and VARIOUS

SUBJECTS:

Occasionally Composed

By An

Eminent Author.

Collected and Published

BY

Sergeant-Major *P. Fisher*

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO THE

RIGHT REVEREND,

And Innately Noble,

Dr. Henry King,

(Many years)

Lord Biſhop of *Chicheſter, &c.*

My LORD!

THere *are divers Motives* (*humbly under Favour*) *which have induced me to this Dedication.*

The first, That besides those severe and high-solid Studies which attend Theological Speculations, (wherein your Lordship is eminent even to admiration) 'tis evidently known, my Lord, that you have not onely a profound Judgement, but also a sublime Genius in Poetical Compositions. Now, my Lord, 'tis upon good Record, that Poets were the first Divines and Philosophers; and as a great Wit well observeth, Poetry is the cleerest Light to prove that Man hath an Intellectual Soul, and Ray of Divinity shining in him.

The second Motive was, my Lord, That I finde in the Works of this Excellent

cellent Author, *some signal Passages that discover the particular Observance and high Veneration not onely he hath (but many thousands more) of your Lordships dear Relations, and your own most* Unparallel'd Merits.

The third Motive was, my Lord, That I might lay hold on this happy opportunity of publickly confessing those Obligations I cannot now fairly Conceal, *nor yet fitly* Cancel; *that the World as well as your most honourable Lordship may be sensible of these Overtures of my devoted Gratitude; which till I can exemplifie in a Prolixer Present, I beseech your Lordship to accept this small Homage and contracted Ten-*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of his humble Devoire, who is otherwise unlimited,

My Lord,

And in all ample Duty and Obedience,

Your LORDSHIPS

Most faithful Honourer,

AND

Sincerely devoted Servant,

P. F.

De

To the Reader.

NOt to know the Author of these Poems, were an Ignorance beyond *Barbarism*, as 'twas said of a famous person in *France*: yet I held it superfluous to prefix his Name in the Title-Page, he being known and easily distinguished from others by his Genius and Stile, as a great Wit said lately of him,

Author Hic ex Calamo *notus ut ungue* Leo.

He may be called the prodigie of his Age, for the variety of his Volumes: for from his Δενδρολογία, or *Parly of Trees*, to his Θηριολογία, or *Parly of Beasts*, (not inferiour to the other) there hath pass'd the Press above forty of his Works on various subjects; useful not onely to the present times, but to all posterity.

And 'tis observed, that in all his Writings there is something still *New*, either in the *Matter*, *Method* or *Fancy*, and in an untrodden Tract. Moreover, one may discover a

kinde of Vein of *Poesie* to run through the body of his *Prose*, in the Concinnity and succinctness thereof all along.

He teacheth a new way of Epistolizing; and that *Familiar Letters* may not onely consist of Words, and a bombast of Complements, but that they are capable of the highest Speculations and solidst kind of Knowledge.

He chalks out a Topical and exact way for *Forreign Travel*, not roving in general Precepts onely.

In all his Histories there are the true Rules, Laws and Language of History observed.

What infinite advantages may be got by his *Dictionaries* and *Nomenclature* by all Professions and Nations!

How strongly and indeed unanswerably doth he assert the *Royal Right* in divers learned Tracts, to the unbeguiling and conversion of many thousands abroad as well as at home! *&c.*

Touching these Poems, most of them were few publick Light before; for I got them in *Manuscripts*, whereof I thought fit to give the Reader an Advertisement.

P. Fisher.

De Ornatissimo,

Viróq; omnifariàm pererudito

Acris, & Ignei Ingenii,

Polyglotto ad Prodigium usq;

Dom. *JACOBO HOWELL Maridunensi*,

Tam ex Majorum *ceris*, quam sui Ipsius

Meritis Armigero, *&c.*

Sic Phœbi Delubra patent; sic tota Recessus
Pandit Cyrrha *suos, funditq; oracula prægnans*
Anglia, Cambriacæ *& Cortina remugiit aulæ.*
Nempe novum Æonidum Proles Montaccola *fontem*
Ostendit, sacrasq; aperit Tritonidis arces
Howelli *Generosa Domus, Celeberrima Gentis*
Hoeliæ, *Patriiq; decus memorabile fundi.*
Tolle Coronatas Stirps Maridunia *cristas,*
Howellumq; *Tuum ventura in sæcula jactes*
Indigenis peperisse plagis, quâ monstrat Avitos
Insignis Fortuna lares, seriesq; vetusta
Sanguinis à longo volventis flumina Rivo;
Ad Cujus *gavisi olim* Cristalla *sedere*
Grandævi Druides, *patulisq; studere sub umbris*
Ornorum Bardi, *& nemorum se condere lustris.*
Unde patet, nec vana fides, genus esse Jacobi
De serie Druidum, *suffusaq; pectora dudum*
Enthea primævis spirasse oracula cunis.

Ergo

Ergo Credulitas Majorum vana faceſſat,
Nec ſibi Primores cunctas vetus arroget ævum;
Cretæ Panomphæum quid progenuiſſe Tonantem
Inſomnet? aut veteres ſic altercantur, Homerus
Quâ fuerat de ſede ſatus? Quid culta ſuperbit
Scaligero Verona ſuo? Quid Mantua fœlix
Virgilio præcone tumes? En Cambria *nobis*
Mantua, deq; ſuis Vates educitur oris
Mæonio nil Vate minor, Cunabula cujus
Circum, tot Charitum croceis Examina turmis
Melliſluos fecere favos, ea gratia Scriptis
Aurea, libratoq; ſedet ſub carmine nervus,
Et gravitas fictæ non affectata loquelæ.
Scilicet à Teneris docti veſtigia Secli
Uſq; ſequi Tibi *cura fuit; veterumq; labores*
Volvere limatos, avidiſq; Heliconida labris
Exhauſtis Vacuare cadis. (a) Harlæus *honoris*
Primitias inſignis habet, Qui Numine dextro
Tam Tibi, quam celebri Fratri *primordia jecit*
Urbs Quem (b) Briſtoliæ *dudum dignata Tiarâ eſt*
Præſulis, *& ſacram vel adhuc reminiſcitur umbram.*
O fœlix Howelle *nimis noviſſe Magiſtrum*
Harlæum *cujus Gens* Herefordia *ſtirpem*
Jactet, & ingentem tollat per ſæcula famam!
Illius *auſpiciis ſolidis, epheba Juventus*
Pieriis afflata modis, quum nobile Flacci
Ante oculos ſaltabat Epos; & Plectra Lucani
Pharſalico concinna chely. Tum mite Terenti
Ingenium, & ſtricto ſervorum ſcommata ſocco,
Plautinoſq; ſales potâſti impubibus annis
Helluo Græcorum Laticum. Mox Sydere verſo
Ipſe novum moliris iter, quâ Dulce Lycæum

(a) Eruditiſſimus Dom. Harley Scholæ Hereford. Archidiaſcalus. (b) Frater noſtri Jacobi qui Epiſcop. Briſtolienſis moriebatur.

Oxoniæ

Oxoniæ plenos reseras sitientibus amnes.
Heic Jesu sacrata Domus Te amplectitur ulnis
Admissum geminis, & diæ pocula Lucis
Castalio cum lacte dabat. Sub sensibus haustos
Tum logicos primum gryphos, artesq; loquendi
Digeris, & solide formâ methodoq; locatis,
Venturæ Vigil instauras fundamina Famæ.
Inde Sophistæo *magis inspirata Susurro*
Mens Tua, Te Socium *nullo opponente creavit*
Collegi veneranda Cohors. Nec sistitur ingens
Impetus, humanæ qui supra nubila vitæ
Gestit, & aprico fœlix feriatur olympo.
Ergo Philosophiæ sublimia culmina scandens
Occultas reseras sedes, ubi Scrinia mundi
Naturæq; Arcana habitant: ubi cernitur omnis
Quid Divina velit, vel suaserit Ethnica Virtus.
Quicquid Socratico manavit ab ordine; quicquid
Clara Cleantheæ præscripsit Turba Lucernæ;
Quicquid Erythræis Cynicorum Secta studebat
Gymnasiis; quicquid dixit, tacuitq; loquendo
Pythagoras Howelle *Tuum est, Qui abstrusa latebris*
Eruis ingenio, Rerumq; oracula pandens,
Concipis immensos dilato pectore mundos.
Nec Tua Fama Domi, Patriisve morabitur antris,
Vecta per extremum nonis Juvenilibus orbem,
Et Regum consueta Aulis, interq; potentes
Europæ Dominos porrectas sumere laurus.
Te Juvenem cognovit Iber; *Te celsa* Philippi
Regia Catholici *Madriti vidit* Agentem
Principis Adventu Caroli, *stupuitq; loquentem,*
Tractantemq; diu alterni Molimina Sceptri.
Inde Revertentem Borealis Syderis Atlas
Ille Comes Præses *Te* Sunderlandius *imis*
Secretis admisit amans, & Tanta Scientem,

Callen-

Callentemq; foras, propriis præfecit habenis.
Nec Patrio vequieſcis agro, ſed cærula ſuloans
Cymbrica, *ad ingentem* Danorum *flebiliis Aulam*
Mitteris Orator *Reginæ buſta* Sophiæ
Exèquiaſq; dolens, Tua circum Roſtra Liceſtro
Legato, *& Danûm Procerum ſtipante Corona.*
Quæ Regio in terris noſtro non nota Jacobo?
Quem pede diffuſi penetrantem viſcera Regni
Teutonides *videre ſui; Quem* Gallia *dudum*
Cum Batavo, *&* Veneti, *&* Siculi; *& ſtupuere* Pelaſgi;
Romaq; *tot linguas uno ſub corde prementem*
Mirati, Poterantq; levi diſcrimine, cuncti
Indigenam dixiſſe ſuum. *Tunc Patria dignum*
Te Palmis cenſebat ovans, quum ad Tecta Senatus
Priſca ciebat amans, & ter ſucceſſibus æquis
Ad ſua delegit Te Parlamenta *Sedentem.*
Nec Patriæ ceſſabat amor, ſed honoribus urgens
Continuis, credebat adhuc ſe parva dediſſe
Ni meritis majora daret: ſic nobilis audis
Clericus *Auguſti* Caroli *qua jungeris imis*
Conſiliis Tu Scriba *cluens, Regniq; labores*
Multiplices, Aulæq; vices Atlantis ad inſtar
Collibras, Patrioq; humeros Supponis Olympo.
Hæc pro Te dudum digniſſima, Patria fecit,
Pro Patriâ nec parva facis, facilive rependis
Officio, quæ fecit amor: Communia Teſtor
Commoda, & atritiis operoſa volumina prælis
Non uno numeranda Die. Te muta movente
Organa, (c) Vocales *fudere oracula* Sylvæ,
Et Trunci didicere loqui, Dodonea Quercus,
Frondiferi Regina chori Tibi Brachia pandens
Tollit ad aſtra comas, foliiſq; Superbior exit
A foliis *famoſa tuis, Quibus, Illa fatetur*
Se Tibi debendam, contextaq; Serta *dicandam*

(c) Dendrologia.

Civica

ivica, Romuleis nil inferiora Triumphis.
Utq; doces Sylvas, & tardo stipite Truncos
Humanos simulare sonos, sic (d) Bruta Ferarum
Guttura conformans, nostræ Vernacula linguæ
Distinctasq; doces haurire, & reddere voces.
Exemplum dabit illud opus sublime, Priori
Vix dispar, ubi gliscit amor, Pietasq; Parenti
Sceptrifero; & Fidei Mortales Publica ductim
De Brutis Documenta bibant, trepidentq; Rebelles
Excandescentem Britonum irritare Leonem.
Nec cessat Tua mira manus, celerive remissas
Indulges calamo ferius, quia vana perosus
Otia, victuris lætare laboribus, unam
Vix perdens sine luce diem, Testabitur orbi
Grandius Illud Opus (e) Bis Bino Idiomate coctum
Utile Principibus, Populoq; Orientis & Euri
Orbis, & à toto divisis orbe Britannis.
Heic veluti speculo Criticismata cuncta loquelæ
Cantabricæ discernit Iber; Syrene Jacobo
Ausonios modulante sonos, de finibus exit
Italus allectus propriis; Gallusq; Garumnam
Atq; Ararim rapido referens sermone, Britanglos
Advolat, alternæ miscens commercia linguæ.
(f) Hisce voluminibus Nomenclatura stupendi
Subjunctum est Opus ingenii (g) Proverbia Gentis
A tenebris memoranda trahens, formasq; loquendi
Priscorum Britonum, Quorum venerabile semen
Cambria servat adhuc, primosq; à sedibus actos
Commemorabit avos: Tua Cambria clare Jacobe
Cui Superum Ductu Tu post tot secla renascens

(d) Therologia. (e) Opus aliud elucubratissimam, cui titulus Lexicon Tetraglotton. (f) Aliud volumen non minoris molis quam emolumenti. (g) Aliud volumen, Pentaglotton Proverbiorum.

Adde-

Addoris Exemplar, dum sic virtutibus amplis
Instauras Patriam, & virtutes dotibus æquas.
Egregiè nasci lam est: sed gloria major
Pro Patriâ *nasci, & primus* Chronista *creari*
Regis ab Historiis. *Et quis dubitaverit amens*
Te Titulis minuì re Tuis, Onerive q; lacertos
Impariles, qui tanta manu Monumenta levâsti,
Pressaq; vix binis portanda Volumina Rhedis.
Lectior avet majora? Domi quod scripseris olim
Contempletur opus, plorandaq; damna (h) Senatus
Prælongi *numeret, cunctasq; ab origine causas*
Pendeat, & nostri recolet Commenta Jacobi.
Si ulteriora petit? Peregrè *succinctus ad oras*
Longinquas eat, & Te (i) *Directore, viarum*
Præscius, Europæ varias adremiget urbes,
Conductusq; Tuo formet vestigia Filo.

Hoc Filo conductus, aquis scopulisq; sedentem
Europæ Dominam (k) *Venetum mirabitur urbem:*
Celsaq; Parthenopis (l) Regalia culmina *cernet*
In Chartis Majora Tuis. Tunc versus ad oras
Austriacas veterum Imperium venerabitur ingens
(m) *Teutonidum, & senio certantia vasta Vienna*
Mœnia Pannonico toties ditata Tributo.
Inde pedem fessum relegens, per Regna feretur
Gallica, & Hoelios *agnoscet ritè labores*
Liligeræ Septem tractantes lustra Tiaræ,
Translatiq; Polo (n) Ludovici *Busta, Suiq;*
Armandi *parvo non designata papyro.*

Sed quid ego gracili calamo, vel carmine curto
Hoelianas *vanus comprehendere chartas*

(h) Sobriæ ejus inspectiones in actiones longi Parliamenti. (i) Directiones peregre proficiscentibus. (k) Historia ejus Voluminosa. Venetum. (l) Par etiam Neopolitanorum. (m) Aliud etiam volumen de Imperio Germano. (n) Aliud exquisitum volumen de vita Ludovici Galliæ xiii.

Molior,

Molior, Herculeos quum tot recitare labores
Herculeus labor alter erit? Testabitur Anglis
Urbs vetus Heroum (o) *Trinobantia gloria Civûm*
Ingenio ditata Tuo. Testabitur orbi
Cultius Illud opus quo splendit (p) *Epistola crebra*
Flexanimo concinna stylo, quo Fœdera belli
Et passim Momenta Togæ, Faciesq; nitenti
Ceruitur Europæ Speculo, & velamine dempto
Obvia Summorum pateant Penetralia Regum.
Tantis Posteritas cumulabit honoribus, olim
Vulgatos Howelle *libros. Tantumq;* labori
Debebit Gens nostra Novo, *strips aurea Cujus,*
Formaq; Primævas *nil postponenda* Sorores
Apello Charites, afflataq; cælitus Æstro
Pectora, fatidicum fibris Spirantia Phœbum.
A Jove Principium sumens nam Pagina prima
Sacra Sapit, gratoq; fluunt condita lepore
Cætera Mellifluos *redolentia carmina* Flores
Laurigeroq; novas Tibi contextura corollas.
Inde per humanæ raptus spectacula scænæ
Quam parvas habitura moras Mortalia monstras,
Indignoque licet depressus Carcere, Mentis
Remigio super astra volas, Supremaq; versans,
Discis ab immenso quam discrepat angulus Orbe,
Et circumfusi quam curta Scientia Mundi
Æterno *collata* Deo. *Tumet inde Papyrus*
Laudibus Heroum, & Carolum *Te Vate salutat,*
Augurioq; pio jamdudum rite potitis
Induperatoris *summos promittit honores*
Quum procul Austriacæ volucres, succumbere Gallo

(o) Aliud nobile volumen cui titulus Londinopolis. (p) Aliud opus usus omnifarii, cui titulus Epistolæ Hoellianæ. (q) Innuit Poemata ejus in lucem jamjam proditura.

Gaudebunt,

Gaudebunt, Gallusq; Anglo parere Leoni.
Heic etiam Octavi *nitidum sine bile Character*
Pingitur Henrici, *Quod latius Acta loquetur*
Et Genium, quam VVindsorii *monumenta superbi*
Majorum constructa manu. (r) Sacvillia *Pubes*
Dorsigenis *prælustris honos, caput eruet umbris*
Auspiciis Howelle *Tuis. His* (s) Marchio *grandis*
Pierpontiadum Durotrigumq; *cacumen*
Tollitur, & Celsæ Katharinæ *stemmata dudum*
Tremoliâ *deducta Domu. Proh celse columna*
Henrice *armorum, & sublimibus Artibus: ingens*
Pro Secli Coryphæe *Tui! Quos Fulguris instar*
Antevolas, patrioq; creas Miracula Mundo.
Hunc *Chartis* Howelle *sonas,* Cui *gloria vastis*
Digna voluminibus, gravidoq; canenda Cothurno;
Illi dumq; litas laudes, aliisq; sub isto
Codice, diffuso spargis Tua nomina mundo
Lataq; non propriis claudi Præconia Chartis.

(r) Nobilissimus ille nuper Edoardus Dorcestriæ comes, (s) Illustrissimus Henricus Marchio Durotrigum; Comes de Kingston, &c. & Katharinæ filiæ comitis de Derby.

Sic raptim cecinit

P. PISCATOR.

POEMS

Upon several

Emergent Occasions.

The Progress of the Human Soul:

OR,

The whole History of Man.

MAn is that great *Amphibium*, which enrouls
Within himself a *Trinity* of Souls:
He runs through all *Creations* by degrees;
First, he is onely *Matter* on the Lees;
Whence he proceeds to be a *Vegetal*;
Next *Sensitive*; (and so Organical.)
Then, by *Divine Infusion*, a third *Soul*,
The *Rational* doth the *two first* controul:

But *when this Soul* comes in, and *where* she dwells,
Distinct from th' other, no Dissector tells.
Now, which no *Creture* els can say, *that state*
Makes her (by *Grace*) to be *Regenerate*.
She then becomes a *Spirit*: so at last
A *Devil*, or a *Saint*, when *She* hath cast
That clog of *Flesh*, which yet she *takes again*,
To perfect her *Felicity* or *Pain*.
Thus *Man* from first to last, is *kin* to all
Cretures, in *Heav'n*, in *Earth*, and *Hells* Black Hall.

A Speculation.

THat which the *smallest Star* in Sky
Is to the *Sun* in Majesty;
What a *Monks Cell* is to *High-noon*,
Or a *New-cheese* to a *Full-moon*:
No more is *Man*, if one should dare
Unto an *Angel* him compare.

What to the *Eagle* is a *Gnat*,
Or to *Leviathan* a *Sprat*;
What to the *Elephant* a *Mouse*,
Or *Shepherds Hut* to *Cæsars House*:
No more is *Man*, if one should dare
Unto an *Angel* him compare.

What to a *Perl* a *Pebble*-ſtone,
Or *Coblers Stall* unto a *Throne*;
What to the *Oke* the baſeſt *Shrub*,
Or to *Noah*'s *Ark* a *Bucking-Tub*:
No more is *Man*, if one ſhould dare
Unto an *Angel* him compare.

Then let not Man, *Half-child of night*,
Compare with any *Heavenly* Wight:
He will appeer on that account
A *Mole-hill* to *Olympus* Mount.
Yet, let *This* ſtill his comfort be,
He hath a *Capabilitie*
To be of *Heav'n* himſelf: but on this ſcore,
If he doth not make *Earth* his *Heav'n* before.

Of ſome Pious *Meditations*, *when* Priſoner *for the King in the* Fleet.

AS *Roſes* 'mong ſharp *Prickles* grow,
As *Cryſtal*'s got of *Ice* and *Snow*;
As *Perls* in *muddy* Muſcels breed,
As *Gold* on *barren'ſt* earth doth feed;
As *Diamonds* in *Craggs* and *Rocks*,
As *Ambar* cruds 'twixt *Neptune*'s *ſhocks*: (blew,
So 'mong thoſe bleak *Fleet*-blaſts which Fortune
These *calm* mild ſtrains of *Meditations* grew.

A Contemplation upon the ſhortneſs and ſhallowneſs of Human *Knowledg.*

IF of the ſmalleſt *Star* in Sky
We know not the Dimenſity:
If thoſe *pure ſparks* that Stars compoſe,
The higheſt Human Wit do poſe;
How then, poor ſhallow *Man!* canſt thou
The *Maker* of theſe *Glories* know?

If we know not the *Air* we draw,
Nor what keeps *Winds* and *Waves* in aw:
If our ſmall Sculls cannot contain
The *flux*, and *ſaltneſs* of the Main;
If ſcarce a *Cauſe* we ken *below*,
How can we the *Supernal* know?

If it be a myſterious thing,
Why *Steel* ſhold to the *Loadſtone* cling:
If we know not why *Jett* ſhould draw,
And with ſuch Kiſſes hug a *Straw*:
If none can truly yet reveal
How Sympathetick Powders heal:
If we ſcarce know the *Earth* we tred,
Or half the *Simples* there are bred,

With *Minerals*, and thouſand things
Which for Mans health and food ſhe brings:
If *Nature*'s ſo obſcure, then how
Can we the *God of Nature* know?

What the *Batts Ey* is to the *Sun*,
Or of a *Gloworm* to the *Moon*;
The ſame is *Human Intellect*,
If on our *Maker* we reflect;
Whoſe Magnitude is ſo immenſe,
That it tranſcends both Soul and Senſe.

Poor Purblind-Man, then ſit thee ſtill;
Let *Wonderment* thy Temples fill.
Keep a due diſtance: do not pry
Too neer, leſt like the ſilly Fly,
While ſhe the Wanton with the *Flame* doth play,
Firſt fries her wings, then *fools* her life away.

A Prophetic *Poem* (*partly* accompliſhed) *to his preſent Majeſty then* Prince, 1640.

A Parallel 'twixt his Highneſs and the *Black* Prince.

SIR,

WAles had *one* glorious Prince, for hair and hue
(Which *colour* ſticks unto him ſtill) like *You*.
He travell'd far; he won his Spurs in *France*;
And took the King, the *King*, O mighty chance!

Then his victorious Troops afresh he gethers;
And with the *Gray-Goose wing* his shafts new fethers.
He beats a march up the *Pyreney* Hills,
And the *Cantabrian* Clime with terror fills,
To re-inthrone *Don Pedro Castills* King;
Of which Heroick Act all Stories ring.

Your *Royal Sire* travell'd so far, and thay
Of all our Princes onely made that way.
Who knows, great Sir, but by just Destiny,
Your *Bunch* of youthful *Plumes* may further fly:
But, Faucon-like, you may with full summ'd wing
The *Eagle* cuff, and from his Talons wring
The (*a*) *Prey*, or in exchange seize on his *Ore*,
And fix your Standard on the *Indian* Shore. (get:
'Twas by a (*b*) *Charles*, *France* once the Empire
'Twas by a (*c*) *Charles*, *Spain* also drew *that* lot:
Why may not *Britain* challenge the next Call,
And by a *Charles* be made *Imperial*?

a *Palatinat.* b *Carolus Magnus.* c *Carolus Quintus.*

Sic Vaticinatur

J. H.

A Rapture upon Delia.

COuld I but catch those Golden *Rays*
Which *Phœbus* at High Noon displays,

I'd

I'd ſet them on a Loom, and frame
A *Scarf* for *Delia* of the ſame.

Could I that wondrous *Black* come near,
Which *Cynthia*, when ſhe mourns, doth wear;
Of a new faſhion I wold trace
A *Mask* thereof for *Delia*'s face.

Could I but reach that *Green* and *Blue*,
Which *Iris* decks in ſuch rare hue
From her moiſt *Bow*, I'd drag them down
To make my *Delia* a *Summer-Gown*.

Could I thoſe *Whitely Stars* come nigh
Which makes the *Milky-way* in Sky,
I'd *Poach* them, and at *Moon-ſhine* dreſs,
To make my *Delia* a *Hougon Meſs*.

Thus would I *diet*, thus *attire*
My *Delia* Queen of Hearts and Fire:
She ſhold have ev'ry thing *Divine*,
What might befit a *Seraphine*.

And 'cauſe *ungirt unbleſt* we often find,
One of the leſſer *Zones* her Waſte ſhold bind.

Of the tru Obſervation of Lent.

NOw *Lent* is come, let us refrain
From *Carnal* Cretures quick or ſlain:
Let's curb, and macerat the *Fleſh*;
Impound, and keep it in *diſtreſs*
For forty days, and then we ſhall
Have a *Replevin* from the thrall
By that bleſs'd Prince, who for this Faſt
Will give us *Angels* food at laſt.
But to abſtain from *Beef*, *Hog*, *Gooſe*,
And let our Appetites go looſe
To *Lobſters*, *Crabs*, *Prawns*, or ſuch Fiſh,
We do not *Faſt*, but Feaſt in this.
Not to let down *Lamb*, *Kid*, or *Veal*;
Hen, *Plover*, *Turkicock* or *Teal*,
And eat *Botargo*, *Caviar*,
Anchoves, *Oiſters*, and like fare:
Or to forbear from *Fleſh*, *Fowl*, *Fiſh*,
And eat *Potatoes* in a Diſh
Done o'er with *Ambar*, or a Meſs
Of *Ringos* in a *Spaniſh* Dreſs:
Or to refrain from each *hot* thing
Which *Water*, *Earth*, or *Air*, doth bring;
And play a hundred pounds at *Gleek*;
Or be at *Saunt* when we ſhold ſleep;

Or

Or to leave *play* with all high Diſhes,
And *feed* our thoughts with *Wanton Wiſhes*;
Making the *Soul*, like a Light Wench,
VVear *Patches* of Concupiſcence.
This is not to keep *Lent* aright,
But play the Juggling Hypocrit.
He keeps *Lent* more, who tames the *inward* Man,
Then he, who makes the *outward* feed on *Bran*.

Before the Hiſtory of Lewis *the* 13. *(with his Cardinal* Richlieu*) called* Luſtra Ludovici.

HISTORIÆ SACRUM.

IMmortal Queen, great *Arbitreſs of Time*,
Bright *Torch* and *Herald* of All-conquering *Truth*,
Which *Things*, years thouſands ſince, keepſt ſtill in prime,
And ſo maintain'ſt the World in conſtant *Youth*;
Making *that Morn* Man firſt was made of Clay,
Appear to us as freſh as *Yeſterday*.

Rich *Magazin of Patterns*, which may ſerve
As Spurs to *Vertu*, or as Curbs to *Vice*;
Which doſt *Brave Men embalm*, and them conſerve
Longer then can *Arabian* Gums or Spice:
And of their *Memories* doſt *Mummy* make,
More firm then that hot *Lybia*'s Sands do take.

Rare

Rare Garden, and rich Orchard, wherein grow
Fames golden Apples, *Vertues* choiceſt flow'rs;
Who twiſteſt Garlands for the learned Brow,
And with thy Branches mak'ſt triumphant Bow'rs:
Inoculat this *Bud* on thy great *Tree*,
That it may *bourgeon* to Eternity.

Before

LONDINOPOLIS:

OR,

A new Hiſtory of *London:*

Parallel'd with the greateſt Cities on Earth.

Of London-*Bridge.*

WHen *Neptun* from his Billows *London* ſpyde,
Brought proudly thither by a High ſpring Tyde,
As through a *Floating Wood*, he ſteer'd along,
And *Dancing Caſtles* cluſter'd in a throng:
When he beheld a mighty *Bridge* give Law
Unto his Surges, and their fury aw:
When ſuch a ſhelf of Cataracts did roar,
As if the *Thames* with *Nile* had chang'd her ſhoar:
When he ſuch maſſy Walls, ſuch Tow'rs did eye,
Such Poſts, ſuch Irons upon his back to lye;

When

When ſuch vaſt *Arches* he obſerv'd, that might
Nineteen *Rialto*'s make for depth and height:
When the Cærulean God theſe things ſurvay'd,
He ſhook his *Trident*, and aſtoniſh'd, ſaid,
Let the whole *Earth* now all her *Wonders* count,
This *Bridge* of Wonders is the Paramount.

The ſame in Latine, which for their weight I alſo inſert.

De Ponte Londinenſi, ejuſq; ſtupendo ſitu, & ſtructurâ.

Cum Londinenſem *Neptunus viderat urbem*
Vectius ibi propriis, *atq; revectus Aquis*,
Dum denſam penetrat Sylvam, Lucóſq; *ferentes*
Pro ramis funes, *pro* foliiſq; Cruces:
Cum ſuperimpoſitum Torrenti in Flumine Pontem
Viderat, & rapido ponere Jura Freto:
Cum tantos muros, ferrumina, Caſtra, tot Arcus
Spectat, & hæc tergo cuncta jacere ſuo,
Arcus *qui poſſent totidem formare* Rialtos
Metiri ſi quis ſumma, vel Ima cupit,
Hæc Deus Undarum *aſpiciens, Fluxuſq; retrorſum*
Tundere, & horrendos inde boare ſonos,
Nunc mihi quanta velis Terræ *Miracula pandas,*
Eſt primus Mundi Pons, ait, Iſte *ſtupor.*

J. H.

Before

Before Biſhop Andrews *moſt holy Meditations and Prayers.*

IF ever any merited to be
The *Univerſal Biſhop*, this was He.
Great *Andrews*, who the whole vaſt S E A did drain
Of Learning, and *Diſtill'd* it in his Brain.
Theſe pious *Drops* are of the pureſt kind
That trickled from the *Limbeck* of his *Mind.*

Before that large and elaborat Work, called,

The German Diet;

Which, in many Princely Orations, *diſplays*
The Power and Weakneſs,
The Plenty and VVant,
The Antiquity and Modernneſs,
The Advantages and Defects,
The Glory and Reproche,
The Vertues and Vices,
of all the Countries of Chriſtendome.

Axioms

AXIOMA.

Contraria juxta ſe poſita magis eluceſcunt.

BLack ſidelong put, or ſtanding oppoſite,
Doth uſe to add more luſtre unto *White*.
A Perl ſhines brighter in a *Negro*'s Ear:
Some Ladies look more fair who *Patches* wear:
So *Vice*, if counterplac'd, or ſeated near,
Makes *Vertu* ſhow more lovely, ſtrong, and clear.
This *Book* hath Vice and Vertu, White and Black:
'Tis like a Cryſtal-Glaſs *foyld* on the back:
'Tis like a *Cheſsboard*, (or an Ermins Skin)
Checker'd with two Extreams, both out and in.
It weighs and winnows *good* from *bad*, which any
Of *Europes* Kingdoms have, (and they have many.)
Now, if thoſe purer *Regions* of the Sky,
Where ev'ry *Star*'s a perfect *Monarchy*;
If the bright *Moon*, and glorious *Sun* above
Have *Spots* and *Motes*, as Optick Glaſſes prove;
How then can theſe *groſs* earthly *Regions* be,
And *We* that people them, from taintures free?
This were for *us* to arrogat that Bliſs
Which *Adam* could not keep in *Paradis*.

Before my Lord of Cherberry's *Hiſtory of King* Hen. 8.

Vices in Kings are like thoſe ſpots the Moon
Bears in her body, which ſo plain appeer
To all the world: ſo *Vertues* ſhine more clear
In them, and glitter like the *Sun* at Noon.
This King had *both*; yet counter-balance all,
You'l find th' out-poiſing Grain in *Vertues* Scale.

He was more *King* then *Man*: his *Gallantries*
Surpaſs'd his *Frailties*; Had his *Paſſions* bent
To *Him* as *France* did, and his *Parlement*;
Or had his *Set* been equal to his Riſe:
Of all thoſe glorious Kings wore *Englands* crown,
He had march'd with the foremoſt in Renown.

This learned *Lord*, this *Lord* of VVit and Art,
This *Metaphyſick Lord* gives us a Glaſs,
VVherein we may diſcern in ev'ry part
This boyſtrous Prince, He cuts *Him* out in Braſs,
In everlaſting Braſs: ſo that I may avow,
Old Harry never had a *Monument* till now.

An

An Analytical Character or Diſſection of Hen. 8.

THis great King may be conſidered,

1. In his Perſon, and outward Proportion.
2. In his Properties, and inward Diſpoſition.
3. In his Political Capacity, and Actions Civil and Martial.

Touching the firſt, he was of a goodly Stature, of a Majeſtic awing Preſence, of a clear ſanguin Complexion; which made him apt to give and take *Tentations* of that Sex which was too hard for the *Firſt*, the *Strongeſt* and *Wiſeſt Man*. He had a competency of ſpirit to manne that large Bulk throughout: for he was vigorous and robuſt, witneſs his overthrowing Sir *William Kingſtone* horſe and man in the preſence of three Queens. His Dexterity at Tilt, the Barriers, and all other heroick Exerciſes at his interviews with the French King, and Emperors: for when he appeered in any Action, He out-went all others.

Touching the ſecond, it ſub-divides it ſelf into his *Vertues* and *Vices*. For his Vertues, by advantage of Education, (being deſigned for the Church)

he was well vers'd in the Arts, a good Latinist and Divine. He had an harmonious soul, for he was a good Musitian, having among other things composed two Anthems, which were usually sung in his Chappels. Touching his Vices, being of a replete sanguin Constitution, he had more matter for the heat of Concupiscence to work upon. Nor were his two Contemporaries, *Charles* the Emperour, and *Francis* of *France*, less peccant in this kind: for they also had their *Amourettes*, their *Indebita vasa*, and divers natural Children. Having parted with Queen *Katharin* his first wife, and with his Cardinal, his *Sanguin* Humour came to be somewhat *sanguinary*, and inclining to *cruel*; yet he had the *Church*, the *Parlement*, and the *Judges* for what he did. He was too constant to himself when any thing entred into his head; which the world termed *Wilfulness*. He was more prodigal in *spending*, then covetous in *getting* money, by making himself an *Actor* in some things, which had been more for his advantage had he been onely a *Spectator*.

Touching the third, he was very knowing in the *Art of Government*, being cut out as it were for a King: for he kept all in an exact Obedience: and had his *Passions* been as subject to him as were his *People*, he had been the *rarest* of Kings. He also may be rank'd among

among the beſt *Law-makers*. He got divers glorious *Titles*, which his Progenitors never had: for he was the firſt *Defender of the Faith*, and promis'd to be ſtil'd *Chriſtianiſſimus*. He was the firſt Engliſh *King* of *Ireland*. He was the firſt *Uniter* of the ancient *Britains* and the *Engliſh*. He was call'd by the Conſiſtory of *Rome*, *Liberator Orbis*, when the Pope was freed. *Francis* the firſt acknowledged him, under God, to be the chiefeſt *Deliverer* of him and his Children from *Spain*. He was ſtil'd *Protector* of the famous *Clementine League*; and offered to be *Patron* of the *Lutherans*. Nor did he know what it was to be *beaten* all his Life. He had an Emperour to ſerve him in the Wars, and he was counted the common *Umpire* of *Chriſtendome*. In fine, *England* may be ſaid to have had little or no Commerce abroad in point of *Matters of State*, till the Reign of this *King*.

OF

TRANSLATIONS,

Upon rendring into Engliſh a choice Venetian Ro-
mance, called,

EROMENA,

By Mr. James Howard.

SOme hold *Tranſlations* not unlike to be
The wrong-ſide of a Turky Tapiſtry,
Or Wines drawn off the Lees, which fill'd in flask,
Looſe ſomewhat of the taſte they had in Cask.
Tis tru, each Language hath an *Idiome*,
Which in *another* couch'd comes not ſo *home*.
Yet I nere ſaw a piece from *Venice* come
Had fewer *Thrums* ſet on our Country *Lome*.
This Wine is ſtill *one-ear'd*, and brisk, though put
Out of *Italian* Cask, in *Engliſh* Butt.

Another.

FAir *Eromena* in Italian tire
I view'd, and lik'd her faſhion wondrous well:
But in this *Engliſh* habit I admire
That ſtill in *Her* the ſame good *Grace* doth dwell.
So have I ſeen *Trans-Alpin Cions* grow,
And bear rare *fruit*, remov'd to *Thames* from P.

The

The Dedication

To Great Britain, of that Voluminous Work,

Lexicon Tetraglotton:

OR,

An Engliſh - French - Italian - Spaniſh

DICTIONARY.

REnowned *Albion*, *Natures* choice delight,
Neptunes chief care, and *Arſenal* of might;
Who in thy *Watry Orb* doſt ſparkling lie,
As *Cynthia* ſhines in the Cærulean Skie:
Or, as a *Tortoiſe* in her Circling Shell,
Doſt live ſecure within thy *Rocky* Cell
A World within thy ſelf, fit to *defend*
Thine own, and *fit no further to extend.*
Yet with thy winged Courſers doſt give Law
Unto the Ocean, and his Surges aw.
The Baltick Waves, and Hyperborean,
The vaſt Atlantik, Euxin, Indian;
The Adriatik, Tyrrhen, Helleſpont,
The *White*, the *Black*, the *Red*, all Seas are wont
To do thee homage, and rich tributes bring
Unto thy *Thames* by way of *Offering*:

Which makes *Civilians* hold, That thy *Sea-bounds*
Reach to the *Shores* of all thy Neighbours round.
To Thee, Triumphant Isle, I do addreſs
This Work of *Oyl* and *Toyl*: be Patroneſs
Of thy own Tongue, which here twixt Columns (ſtrong,
Throughout a maſſy Fabrick all along
Goes in the *Van* of *Europes nobleſt Toungs*,
Though they want ſomewhat of her *Nerves* and *Lungs*.

Of the Original of the Engliſh Toung,
And her Aſſociation
With the Italian, Spaniſh, and French, &c.

FRance, *Italy* and *Spain*, ye *Siſters* Three,
Whoſe *Toungs* are branches of the *Latian* Tree
To perfect your odd number be not ſhy
To take a *Fourth* to your Society
The high *Teutonik* Dialect, which bold
Hengiſtus with his *Saxons* brought of old
Among the *Britains*, when by *Knife* and Sword,
Of *England* he did firſt *create* the VVord.
Nor is 't a ſmall advantage to admit
So *Male* a Speech to mix with *You*, and knit:
Who by her *Conſonants* and tougher ſtrains,
VVill bring more Arteries 'twixt your ſoft Vains:

For

For of all Toungs, *Dutch* hath moſt Nerves and Bones,
Except the *Pole*, who hurls his VVords like Stones.
Some fain, that when our Protoplaſtick Sire
Loſt Paradis by a juſt kindled ire,
He in *Italian tempted* was, in *French*
He fell a *begging* Pardon, but from thence
He was thruſt out in the high *Teuton* Toung
VVhence *Engliſh*, though much *poliſh'd* ſince, is ſprung.
This Book is then an *inlay'd Piece* of Art;
Engliſh the *Knots* which ſtrengthen ev'ry part.
Four Languages are here together fix'd:
Our *Lemſters Ore* with *Naples Silk* is mix'd.
The *Loire*, the *Po*, the *Thames*, and *Tagus* glide
All in one Bed, and kiſs each others ſide.
The *Alps* and *Pyreneen* Mountains meet:
The *Roſe* and *Fowrdeluce* hang in one ſtreet.
Nay, *Spain* & * *Redcapt France* a League here ſtrike.
If 'twixt their *Kings* and *Crowns* there were the like,
Poor *Europe* ſhould not *bleed* ſo faſt, and call
Turbans at laſt unto her Funeral. * 1657.

Before a great Volume of

PROVERBS,

In Five *Languages.*

THe *Peeples Voice, the Voice of God* we call;
And what are *Proverbs* but the *Peeples Voice*
Coyn'd first, and current made by *common* choice:
Then ſure they muſt have weight and truth with[in].
They are a *Publick Heritage*, entail'd
On ev'ry Nation, or like *Hirelomes* nail'd,
VVhich paſs from *Sire* to *Son*, and ſo from *Son*
Down to the *Grandchild* till the world be done.
They are *Free-denizons* by long deſcent,
VVithout the *Grace* of Prince or Parlement:
The trueſt *Commoners*, and *inmate* Gueſts;
We fetch them from the Nurſe and Mothers breaſts:
They can *Preſcription* plead 'gainſt King or Crown,
And need no *Affidavit* but their own.
We thought it then well worth the pains and coſt
To muſter up theſe Ancients in one Hoſt:
Which here like *furbiſh'd Medals* we preſent
To all that breathe in *Chriſtendom* and *Kent*.

Of

Of the ſtrange vertu of VVords,
Before
The Great NOMENCLATURA;
Wherein are the proper Terms in four Languages belonging to Arts
Mechanical *and* Liberal:
Which Poem conſiſts of above Sixty Sentences.

WOrds are the Souls Ambaſſadors, who go
Abroad upon her Arrands to and fro.
They are the ſole Expounders of the mind,
And correſpondence keep 'twixt all mankind.
They are thoſe Airy Keys that ope (and *wreſt*
Sometimes) the Locks and Hinges of the Breaſt.
By *Them* the Heart makes Sallies: VVit and Sence
Belong to *Them*: *They* are the Quinteſſence
Of thoſe Ideas which the Thoughts diſtil,
And ſo calcine and melt again, until
They drop forth into *Accents* in whom lies
The Salt of Fancy, and all Faculties.

The World was fram'd by the *Eternal Word*,
VVho to each Creture did a name afford;
And ſuch an Union made 'twixt *Words* and *Things*,
That ev'ry *Name* a *Nature* with it brings.

Words do involve the greateſt myſteries;
By *Them* the Jew into his Cabal pries.
The Chymik ſays, In Stones, in Herbs, in *Words*
Nature for ev'ry thing a cure affords.
Nay, ſome have found the Glorious *Stars* to be
But *Letters* ſet in an Orthography
The Fate of Kings and Empires to foretel,
VVith all things els below, could we *them* ſpell.

That gran diſtinction between *Man* and *Beaſt*
VVe may to *Language* chiefly attribute.
The Lyon *roars*, the Elephant doth *bray*;
The Bull doth *bellow*, and the Horſe doth *neigh*.
Man *ſpeaks*: 'Tis only man can *Words* create,
And cut the Air to ſounds *articulate*
By Natures ſpecial Charter. Nay, *Speech* can
Make a ſhrewd diſcrepance 'twixt *Man* and *Man*.
It doth the *Gentleman* from *Clown* diſcover;
And from a *Fool* the grave *Philoſopher*:
As *Solon* ſaid to one in Judgement weak,
I thought thee wiſe until I heard thee ſpeak.
For *Words* in man bear the moſt Critick part:
VVe ſpeak by *Nature*, but *ſpeak well by Art.*
And as good *Bells* we judge of by the ſound,
So a *Wiſe* man by *Words well plac'd* is found.
Therefore it may be call'd no vain pretence,
VVhen 'mong the reſt the *Young* would be a
Senec,

The

The Toung's the *Rudder* which *mans* fancy guides
VVhilſt on this worlds tempeſtuous *Seas* he rides.

Words are the Life of Knowledge; They ſet free,
And bring forth *Truth* by way of Midwifry:
The activ'ſt Cretures of the *teeming* Brain;
The Judges who the *inward* man arraign:
Reaſons chief Engin and Artillery
To batter Error, and make *Falſhood* fly:
The Canons of the minde, who ſometimes bounce
Nothing but VVar, then Peace again pronounce.
The *Rabbins* ſay, Such is the ſtrength of VVords,
That they make deeper VVounds then Spears or Swords.
This Book may then be call'd a Magazine
Of *Arms* and *Words*: It keeps, and doth combine
Four *Toungs*: 'tis like a Frame on divers VVheels;
One follows ſtill the other at the heels.
The ſmooth *Italian*, and the nimble *Frank*,
The long-lung'd *Spaniſh* march all in a rank:
The *Engliſh* heads them, ſo commands the Van;
And reſon good in *this* Meridian.
But *Spain* brings up the Rear, becauſe we know
Her Counſels are ſo *long*, and Pace ſo ſlow.

Upon the great Drammatical Work of B. and Fletcher, *publiſh'd* 1646.

WHat? Now the Stage is down, dar'ſt thou appear,
Bold *Fletcher*, on this tott'ring Hemiſphear?
Yes; *Poets* are like *Palms*, which the more weight
One caſts upon *them*, grow more ſtrong & ſtreight.
'Tis not *Joves Thunderbolt*, or *Mavors Spear*,
Nor roaring *Neptunes Trident* Poets fear.
Had now Grim *Ben* been breathing, with what rage
And high-ſwoln fury had he laſh'd this Age?
Shakeſpear with *Chapman* had grown mad, and worn
The gentle *Soc*, and *lofty Buskins* worn
To make their *Muſe* welter up to the Chin
In *blood*: Of *fained Scænes* no need had bin
England, like *Lucians Eagle*, with an Arrow
Of her own *Plumes* piercing her heart quite thorow
Had been the *Tragic Scæne*, and ſubject fit
To exerciſe in *real* Truths their wit.
Yet, none like *high-wing'd Fletcher* had bin found
This *Eagles* diſmal Deſtiny to ſound:
Rare *Fletchers Quill* had ſoar'd up to the Sky,
And drawn down *Gods* to ſee the Tragedy.

Live,

Live, famous *Drammatiſt*, let evry Spring
Make thy *Bay* flouriſh, and freſh Bourgeons bring:
And ſince we cannot have Thee *tread* the *Stage*,
VVe will applaud Thee in thy ſilent *Page*.

To his late Majeſty, at the Dedication unto Him of

DODONAS GROVE,
OR
The VOCAL FOREST:

Wherein there were many Prophetical *Paſſages.*

IN times of yore, when *Earth* was yet but Clods,
Trees for their *Gardians* had no leſs then *Gods*:
Jove did protect the *Oke*, *Bacchus* the *Vine*;
Minerva ſaid, The *Olive* ſhall be mine:
Venus the *Myrtle* for her Minion took;
Apollo would the *Laurel* overlook.
My *Trees* need no ſuch *Patrons*; one mild glance
Of *Cæſars* eye, will beſt their *Buds* advance.

To her Majeſty, now Queen-mother.

BOurgeon *du Gran* Bourbon, *qui ſoubs ſes doux rameaux*
Maintint la France *en* Paix *apres tant de travaux*

Vint

Vint Ans *entiers*, *ayant en bonne guerre*
Les Princes Brouillons *mis quatre fois en terre*,
J' ay veu ſouventes fois ſon Nom *luyſant en* Marbre,
Mais non pas engravè juſqu' à preſent en Arbre,
Parmi ces Bois *icy l' on trouvera (peut eſtre)*
Madame, Votre Nom * *tail'è en groſſe Lettre.*

* *Arbetine* (Virtuoſa) Anagr. of Henrieta.

To Prince *Charles*, *(now King.)*

TO correſpond now with the Verdant * *Spring*,
And your *Green* yeers, the *Top-branch* of a King,
A Bud ſhot from the *Roſe* and *Flower-de-Luce*,
The beſt of *ſtems* Earth yet did e'er produce;
VVhat Preſent can I bring that more agrees
Both with the ſeaſon, and your yeers, then *Trees*?
They ſoon will caſt their *leafs*, and *Autumn* find,
But may *You* ſhed nor *leafs*, nor *blooms*, nor *rind*,
Till *muff'd* with hoary *Moſs*, you do behold
Fair *Cions* from your ſelf grow *tall* and old.

* *Maii* 2.

Before

Before the VOCAL FOREST, *To the* knowing *Reader, Touching the Progreſs of Learning.*

Science in *India* firſt her beams diſplay'd,
And with the Riſing Sun her ſelf convay'd
Through *Chaldee* into *Egypt*; then *She* came
Among the *Greeks*, and ſo to *Tyber* Swam:
Whence clammering ore the *Alps*, theſe *North-weſt* parts
She civiliz'd, and introduc'd the Arts.
In *Albions woolly Iſle*, ſhe welcom found,
Which for her Bards and *Druyds* grew Renown'd
So *call'd*, becauſe they commonly did uſe
On God and Natures works 'mongſt *Trees* to Muſe,
And fix their Speculations; for in Rind
Of Trees was *Learning* ſwadled firſt, I find.
Th' *Egyptian* Prieſts, and *Brackmans* us'd of old
Their fancies in dark *Characters* to fold.
The *Greeks* and *Latines* us'd to Poetize
By *Emblems*, *Fictions*, and *Mythologies*:
For it was held a pleaſing piece of Art,
Things *Real* under *Shadows* to impart.
Then be not raſh in cenſure, if I ſtrive
An ancient way of Fancy to revive;

While

While *Druyd*-like converſing thus with Trees,
Under their bloomy ſhade I *Hiſtorize*.
Trees were ordain'd for ſhadow, and I find
Their *Leafs* were the firſt veſtment of Mankind.

To the Common *Reader.*

Opinion is that high and mighty Dame
Which rules the World, and in the Mind
doth frame
Diſtaſt or *liking*: for in Humane Race,
She makes the *Fancy* various as the *Face*.
Sometimes the Father differs from the Son.
As doth the *Goſpel* from the *Alcharon*,
Or *Loyola* from *Calvin*, which two brands,
In ſtrange Combuſtions hurl fair *Europes* Lands.
So that amongſt ſuch Atomes of Mankind,
You ſcarce can *two* encounter of one mind.

This makes my *Trees* all *Aſpen*, 'cauſe they muſt
Lie ope to ev'ry *Wind*, and vulgar *Guſt*:
Yet, much they fear not any *Criticks* knocks,
Unleſs they chance to ſtumble 'mong the blocks.

——*Ex quovis* Stipite *non fit*
Mercurius.

To the Critical *Reader.*

IF *Satyres* here you find, think it not ſtrange;
'Tis proper Satyres in the *Woods* ſhould range:
And for free Speech, why may not Verſe or Proſe
Sit under *Trees* as ſafely as the *Roſe?*
Yet here is nothing, though a *Grand Inqueſt*
You ſhould Empannel, but may bide the Teſt:
For *Petty Juries*, let the Reader know,
Compoſures of *this kind* ſtoop not ſo low.

Touching the Vertu and Uſe Of Familiar Letters.

LOve is the life of Friendſhip; *Letters* are
The life of *Love*, the Load-ſtones that by rare
Attraction make ſouls meet, and melt, and mix,
As when by *Fire* exalted Gold we fix.
They are thoſe wing'd Poſtillions that can fly
From the Antartic to the Artic Sky:
The Heralds and ſwift Harbengers that move
From Eaſt to Weſt on Embaſſies of Love.
They can the *Tropiks* cut, and croſs the *Line*,
And ſwim from Ganges to the Rhone or Rhine:

Fom

From Thames to Tagus; thence to Tyber
And terminat their journey with the Sun.

They can the Cabinets of Kings unscrue,
And hardest intricacies of State unclue.
They can the *Tartar* tell what the *Mogor*,
Or the Great *Turk*, doth on the Asian shore.
The *Knez* of them may know, what *Prester John*
Doth with his Camels in the torrid Zone:
Which made the Indian *Inca* think, *They* were
Spirits who in white sheets the Air did tear.

The lucky *Goose* sav'd *Jove*'s beleagred Hill
Once by her noise, but oftner by her *Quill*.
It twice prevented *Rome* was not ore-run
By the tough *Vandal*, and the rough-hewn *Hun*.

Letters can Plots though moulded under ground
Disclose, and their fell Complices confound:
Witness that *Fiery Pile* which would have blown
Up to the Clouds, Prince, People, Peers, and Town,
Tribunals, Church and Chappel, and had dride
The Thames, though swelling in her highest pride
And parboyl'd the poor Fish, which from her Sand
Had been toss'd up to the adjoyning Lands.
Lawyers as *Vultures* had soar'd up and down;
Prelates like *Mag-pies* in the Air had flown,
Had not the *Eagles Letter* brought to light
That Subterranean horrid work of Night.

Credential

Credential *Letters* States and Kingdomes tie,
And Monarchs knit in Ligues of Amitie;
They are thoſe Golden Links that do enchain
Whole Nations, though diſcinded by the Main:
They are the Soul of *Trade*; They make Commerce
Expand it ſelf throughout the Univerſe.
Letters may more then *Hiſtory* incloſe,
The choiceſt Learning both in Verſe and Proſe.
They Knowledg can unto our ſouls diſplay
By a more gentle and familiar way.
The higheſt points of *State and Policy*,
The moſt ſevere parts of Philoſophy,
May be their ſubject, and their Themes enrich
As well as *privat buſineſſes*, in which
Friends uſe to correſpond, and Kindred greet,
Merchants Negotiat, the whole world meet.
In *Seneca*'s rich *Letters* is inſhrin'd
Whatere the ancient Sages left behind:
Tully makes *His* the ſecret ſymptomes tell
Of thoſe Diſtempers which proud *Rome* befel,
When in her higheſt flouriſh ſhe would make
Her *Tyber* of the *Ocean* homage take.
Great *Antonin* the Emperour did gain
More Glory by his *Letters* then his Raign,
His *Pen* out-laſts his *Pike*; each Golden Line
In his *Epiſtles* doth his name inſhrine.

Aurelius by his *Letters* did the ſame,
And *they* in chief immortallize his fame.
Words vaniſh ſoon, and vapour into Air,
While *Letters* on Record ſtand freſh and fair,
And tell our *Nephews* who to us were dear,
Who our choice Friends, who our Familiars were.
The baſhful Lover when his ſtammring Lips
Falter, and fear ſome unadviſed ſlips,
May boldly court his Miſtreſs with the *Quill*,
And his hot paſſions to her breſt inſtil:
The *Pen* can furrow a fond Females heart,
And pierce it more then *Cupids* feigned Dart.
Letters a kind of Magic Vertu have,
And like ſtrong *Philtres* Human Souls inſlave.
Speech is the *Index*, Letters *Idea's* are
Of the informing Soul: they can declare,
And ſhew the *inward* man, as we behold
A face reflecting in a Chryſtal mould.
They ſerve the Dead and Living; they become
Attorneys and *Adminiſters*. In ſum:
Letters like Gordian Knots do Nations tie,
Elſe all commerce and love 'twixt men would
die.

To the Sagacious Reader.

UT clavis portam, sic pandit Epistola pectus;
Claditur Hæc Cerâ, claditur illa serâ.

As Keys do open Chests,
So Letters open Brests.

Upon a Rare and Recent Persian

TRAGY-HISTORY.

1655.

THis is an Age of Wonders; ev'ry Clime
Abounds with Prodigies: there is no Crime,
Not a notorious Villany or Fact,
No foul infandous Thing, or ugly Act,
That ever *Adams* Sons did perpetrate,
But we have flagrant instances of late.
For Sacriledge, and horrid Blasphemy,
Base Lyes, created Fears and Perjury;
For Scripture-pride, Extortion, Avarice,
(The root of all our ills, and leading vice)
For Public Frauds, False Lights, and Fatuous Fires,
Fanatic Fancies clad in Faiths attire;
For Politicians, if one could rake Hell,
He hardly there could find their parallel.

Did

Did *Machiavil*, or *Methro* live agen,
They would be counted Saints match'd with these men:
For Murther, and the crying ſin of Blood,
The like, but one, was never ſince the Flood.
In ſome, we may for theſe, and thouſands more,
Vie Villanies with any Age before.

Nor is it *Europe* onely that doth breed
Such Monſters, but the Aſian Regions feed
As bad; witneſs this *Perſian* Tragedy,
Compil'd with ſo much Art and Energy:
As if the Soul of *Ben*, of *Pond'rous Ben*,
Did move in you, and guide both Brain and Pen:
You make the Actors with ſuch paſſion ſpeak,
As if the very Lines with Blood did reak.

Go on, brave Spark, improve thy Talent ſtill,
And gain more ground on the *Pierian* Hill.

An Elegie upon EDWARD *late Earl of* Dorſet, 1651.

Who died about the time of voting down the Houſe of PEERS.

Lords have been long declining, (we well know)
And making their laſt Teſtaments: but now
They are *Defunct*, They are extinguiſh'd All,
And never like to riſe by this *Lords* fall.

A Lord whoſe Intellectuals alone
Might make a Houſe of *Peers*, and prop a Throne,
Had not ſo dire a Fate hung ore the Crown,
That *Priviledge*, *Prerogative* ſhold drown.

Where ere he ſate he ſway'd, and *Courts* did awe,
Gave *Biſhops* Goſpel, and the *Judges* Law
With ſuch exalted Reaſons which did flow
So cleer and ſtrong, that made *Aſtræa* bow
To his Opinion: for where He did ſide,
Advantag'd more then half the *Bench* beſide.

But is great *Sackvil* dead? Do we him lack?
And will not all the Elements wear *Black?*
Whereof he was compos'd a *perfect Man*,
As ever *Nature* in one frame did ſpan.

Such High-born thoughts, a Soul so large and free,
So clear a *Judgement*, and vast *Memory*;
So princely *Hospitable*, and brave mind,
We must not think in haste on earth to find,
Unless the *Times* wold turn to *Gold* agen,
And Nature get new strength in forming men.
His *Person* with it such a state did bring,
That made a *Court* as if he had been *King*.
No wonder, since He was so near a kin
Eliz. To *Norfolks Duke*, and the great *Maiden Queen*;
He courage had enough by conquering *One*,
To have confounded that whole *Nation*:
Those parts which *single* do in some appear,
Were all *concentred* here in one bright Sphear;
For *Brain*, *Young*, *Spirit*, *Heart*, and *Personage*,
To mould up such a *Lord* will ask an *Age*.
But how durst pale white-liverd Death seize on
So dauntless and *heroick* a Champion?

Yes, To die once is that uncancell'd Debt
Which Nature claims, and raiseth by Escbet
On all Mankind by an old Statute past
Primo Adami, which will always last
Without Repeal; *Nor can a second Lease*
Be had of life, when the first term doth cease.

Mount, Noble Soul; among the *Stars* take place,
And make a new *One* of so bright a Race

May

May *Jove* out-ſhine, that *Venus* ſtill may be
In a *benign Conjunction* with Thee,
To check that *Planet* which on *Lords* hath lowr'd,
And ſuch *malign* Influxes lately pour'd.
Be now a *Star* thy ſelf for *thoſe* which here
Did on thy *Creſt* and upper *Robe* appear:
For thy Director take the *Star* we read,
Which to thy Saviours Birth three Kings did lead.

A Corollary.

THus have I blubber'd out ſome Tears and Verſe
On this Renowned *Heroe* and his Herſe:
And could my Eyes have dropt down Perls upon't
In lieu of Tears, God knows I would have don't:
But *Tears* are real, *Pearls* for their *Emblems* go,
The *firſt* are fitter to expreſs my *Wo*.
Let this ſmall *Mite* ſuffice, until I may
A larger tribut to his Aſhes pay:
In the mean time this *Epitaph* ſhall ſhut,
And to my Elegy a period put.

HEre *lies a* Grandee, *by Birth, Parts, and Mind,*
Who hardly left his Parallel *behind:*
Here lies the Man of Men, *who ſhould have been*
A King, An Emperour, had Fortune ſeen.

Totus in Lachrymas ſolutus
ſic ſingultivit, *J. H.*

An

EPITHALAMIUM

Upon the Nuptials *of that* Princely Pair, Henry *Lo. Marquiſs of* Dorcheſter,

And the Lady Katherine, *Daughter to the Late Heroik Earl of* Darby:

In a Dialog
Twixt Philemon *and* Sylvius.

Philemon.

WHat Object's that which I behold
Dazzling my Eyes with Gems and Gold?
Her Face, me thinks, darts ſuch a Ray
That adds more brightneſs to the Day:
Her Breath perfumes the place, Her Curls and Hair
Like Indian Spice Aromatize the Air.
A ſparkling White and Black breaks from her ſight
Like to the Diamonds redoubling light;
As ſhe doth walk the very ground and ſtone,
Turn to Field-*Argent* which ſhe treads upon.
A Mortal ſure ſhe cannot be,
But ſome tranſcending Deity.
My deareſt *Sylvius*, pray unfold
Who's that rare Creture I behold?

Sylvius.

Sylvius.

She is a Princeſs and a Bride
Goes to the Temple to be tide
In Nuptial Bonds; Her Stars will not permit
That at the Veſtal fires ſhe longer ſit.
She's *Derby*'s Royal Blood, *Derby le Gran*,
And now ſhe travels to the *Ile of Man.*
She of the Princely *Orenge* is a Branch,
Imp'd on the high *Trimouillan* ſtem of *France*,
Two of the faireſt Kingdoms ſtrove, and tride
Their utmoſt to compleat this lovely Bride.
'Tis *She* which makes 'twixt Gems and Gold
That Conſtellation you behold.

Philemon.

But who's that comely *Sanguin* Peer
Which on her heart-ſide walks ſo neer?
He likewiſe makes all *Argent* as he goes:
Look at his feet how thick the *Cinqfoyl* grows.

Sylvius.

'Tis wiſe and wealthy *Pierrpoint*, who renowns
With *Titles three* of *Englands* chiefeſt Towns:
A precious *Pond'rous* Lord, whoſe ſole Eſtate
A *Jury* of new *Barons* might create,

Patron

Patron of Vertu, Chivalry and Arts,
Cauſe he himſelf excels in all theſe parts.
'Tis he who by the hand doth hold
That Demi-Goddeſs you behold.

Philemon.

Is't ſo? then my *Autumnal* Muſe ſhall ſing
An Hymenæum, and fetch back her *Spring*.
This ſubject a freſh vigor doth inſpire,
And heats my brain with an unuſual fire.

An

HYMENÆUM,

Or

Bridal-Sonet:

Conſiſting of four Stanzas, and to be ſung by three Voyces, according to a choice Air ſet thereupon.

By Mr. Will. Webb.

1 *Chorus.*

MAy all felicity betide
This Princely Bridegroom and his Bride.
May thoſe Delights this Morn ſhall bring
Be *endleſs*, as their Nuptial *Ring*.

May they be conſtant, and exceed
Each others Wiſhes, Hopes and Creed.
May the three Regions of the Air
Pour ſhowres of Bleſſings on this Pair,
May *Sol* and *Cynthia* with their Rays
Silver their Nights, and *Gild* their Days.

2 *Chorus.*

All Joys attend, and beſt of Fate,
This Noble Marquiſs and His Mate.

An HYMENÆUM.

2 *Stanza.*

YE gentle Nymphs of *Trent* and *Dee*
Make haſte to this ſolemnity:
Your ſtreams and beds now meet in one
By this High-ſprung Conjunction.
Ye Wood-Nymphs who green Garlands wear
In *Shirewood* Launds and *Delamer*;
Ye Dames of *Helicon* attend,
And *Graces* your ſweet preſence lend;
Lucina come, and pray there be
Employment in due time for thee.

Chorus.

Chorus.

May all Felicity betide
This Noble Bridegroom and his Bride.

An HYMENÆUM.

3 *Stanza.*

MAy they ſuch gallant Males produce,
Both to the *Roſe* and *Flowerdeluce*;
That *Englands* Chivalry and *French*
May multiply, and bourgeon hence:
Whoſe Branches ſhooting ore the Main,
May knit and bloſſome here again,
That *Pierrpoints* Lyon and *Cinqfoyl*,
May ramp and root in every Soyl:
Nor may their Noble Race wear out
Till *Plato's* great year wheel about.

Chorus.

May all Felicity betide
This Noble Bridegroom and his Bride.

An HYMENÆUM.

4 Stanza,

Closing with a serious Gradual Vote.

MAy all the *Elements* conspire
To make them blest'd in their desire.
May all the *Stars* on them reflect
Their mildest looks in *Trine Aspect.*
May all the *Angels* them defend
From evry thing doth ill portend.
May *Angels*, *Stars*, and *Elements*,
Afford them such compleat contents,
That they have nothing els to wish
But a *Perseverance* of Bliss.

Chorus.

All Joys attend, and best of Fate,
This Noble Marquess, and his Mate.

A Poem Heroique,

Presented to his late Majesty for a New-years Gift.

THe Worlds All-lightning *Ey* had now begun
Through watry *Capricorn* his course to run:
Old *Janus* haſtned on, his Temples bound
With *Ivy*, his gray hairs with *Holly* crown'd,
When in a ſerious queſt my Thoughts did muſe
What Gift, as beſt becoming, I ſhould chuſe
To *Britains* Monarch (my dread Soveraign) bring,
Which might ſupply a *New-years* Offering;
I rummag'd all my ſtores, ſearch'd all my Cells,
Where nought appear'd, God wot, but *Bagatels*:
No far-fetch'd Indian *Gem* cut out of Rock,
Or fiſh'd in ſhells were truſted under lock:
No piece which *Angelo*'s ſtrong fancy hit,
Or *Titians* Penſil, or rare *Hylliards* Wit:
No *Ermins*, or black *Sables*, no ſuch skins
As the grim *Tartar* hunts, or takes in gins;
No *Medals*, or rich ſtuff of *Tyrian* Dy;
No coſtly *Bowls* of froſted Argentry:
No curious *Land-skip*, or ſome *Marble* Piece
Digg'd up in *Delphos*, or els-where in *Greece*.
No *Roman* Perfumes, Buffs or Cordovans
Suppled with Amber by *Moreno*'s hands:

No

No *Arras* or rich *Carpets* freighted ore
The Surging Seas from *Asia*'s doubtful shore.
No *Lyons Cub*, or Beast of strange Aspect,
Which in *Numidia*'s fiery Womb had slept.
No old *Toledo Blades*, or *Damaskins*;
No *Pistols*, or some rare-spring'd *Carrabins*.
No *Spanish Ginet*, or choice Stallion sent
From *Naples*, or hot *Africs* Continent.
In fine, I nothing found I could descry
Worthy the hands of *Cæsar* or his Ey.
My Wits were at a stand, when lo, my Muse
(None of the *Quire*, but such as they do use
For *Laundresses* or *Handmaids* of mean rank,
I knew sometimes on *Po* and *Isis* Bank)
Did softly Buz, ——

Muse.

——Then let *Me* something bring
May hansel the New-year to *Charles* my King,
May usher in *bifronted Janus*.

Poet.

Thou fond fool-hardy *Muse*, thou silly thing
Which 'mongst the Shrubs & Reeds dost use to sing,
Dar'st thou perk up, and the tall Cedar clime,
And venture on a *King* with gingling Rime?

Though

Though all thy Words wer Perls, and Letters Gold,
And cut in Rubies, or caſt in a mould
Of Diamonds, yet ſtill thy *Lines* would be
Too mean a Gift for ſuch a Majeſty.

Muſe.

I'le try, and hope to paſs without diſdain,
In New-years-Gifts the *Mind* ſtands for the Man.
The Sophy, finding twas *well meant*, did daign
Few *drops of running-water* from a Swain.
Then ſure, 'twil pleaſe my *Leige* if I him bring
Some gentle drops from the *Caſtalian* Spring:
Though Rarities I want of ſuch account,
Yet have I ſomething on the *Forked mount*.
'Tis not the firſt, or third acceſs I made
To *Cæſars* feet, and thence departed glad:
For as the Sun with his male heat doth render
Nile's muddy ſlime fruitful, and apt t' engender,
And daily to produce new kind of Cretures
Of various ſhapes, and thouſand differing feature;
So is my fancie quickned by the glance
Of his benign aſpect and countenance,
It makes me pregnant, and to ſuperfæte,
Such is the vigour of his beams and heat.
Once in a *Vocal Forreſt* I did ſing,
And made the *Oak* to ſtand for *Charles* my King

The

The beſt of Trees, whereof (it is no vant)
The greateſt Schools of *Europe* ſing and chant.
There you ſhall alſo finde Dame *ARETINE*,
Great *Henries* Daughter, and great *Britains* Queen;
Her Name engraven in a *Lawrel* Tree,
And ſo tranſmitted to Eternity;
For now I hear *That Grove* ſpeaks beſides *Mine*,
The Language of the *Loire*, the *Po*, and *Rhine*;
And to my *Prince* (my ſweet *Black Prince*) of late
I did a youthful ſubject dedicate:
Nor do I doubt but that in time my *Trees*
Will yeild me *fruit* to pay *Apollo*'s Fees,
To offer up whole Hecatombs of praiſe
To *Cæſar*, if on them he caſt his raies:
And if my Lamp have Oyl, I may compile
The Modern Annals of great *Albions* Iſle,
To vindicate the truth of *Charles* his Raign
From ſcribling *Pamphletors*, who ſtory ſtain
With looſe imperfect paſſages, and thruſt
Lame things upon the world, t'ane up in truſt.

I have had audience (in another ſtrain)
Of *Europes* greateſt Kings, when *German* Main,
And the *Cantabrian* waves I croſs'd, I drank
Of *Tagus*, *Seine*, and ſate at *Tibers* bank:
Through *Scylla* and *Carybdis* I have ſteer'd,
Where reſtleſs *Ætna* belching flames appeer'd.

By *Greece*, once *Pallas Garden*, then I past,
Now all ore-ſpread with Ignorance and Waſt:
Nor hath fair *Europe* her vaſt bounds throughout,
An *Academe* of Note I found not out.

But now, I hope, in a ſucceſsful prore,
The Fates have fix'd me on ſweet *Englands* ſhore;
And by theſe various wandrings tru I found,
Earth is our common *Mother*, evry ground
May be ones Country, for by birth each man
Is in this world a *Coſmopolitan*,
A free-born Burgeſs, and receivs thereby
His Denization from Nativity.

Nor is this Lower World but a huge Inn,
And *men* the rambling paſſengers, wherein
Some, warm Lodgings find, and that as ſoon
As out of *Natures* Cloſſets they ſee Noon,
And find the Table ready laid; but ſome
Muſt for their Commons trot, and trudge for room;
With eaſie pace ſome clime *Promotions Hill*;
Some in the *Dale*, do what they can, ſtick ſtill:
Some through falſe Glaſſes *Fortune* ſmiling ſpy,
Who ſtill keeps off, though ſhe appears hard by:
Some like the Oſtrich with their wings do flutter,
But cannot fly or ſoar above the Gutter:
Some quickly fetch, and double *Good-Hopes Cape*;
Some nere can do't, though the ſame courſe they
ſhape:

So

So that poor Mortals are ſo many Balls
Toſs'd ſome ore Line, ſome *under* Fortunes walls.
And it is Heavens high pleſure *Man* ſhould ly
Obnoxious to this partiality,
That by induſtrious ways he ſhould contend
Natures ſhort pittance to improve and mend.
Now *Induſtry* nere fail'd at laſt t' advance
Her patient *Sons* above the reach of *Chance*.

Poet.

But whither rov'ſt thou thus ——?
Well, ſince I ſee thou art ſo ſtrongly bent,
And of a Gracious Look ſo confident;
Go, And throw down thy ſelf at *Cæſars* feet,
And in thy beſt attire thy Soveraign greet:
Go, an auſpicious and moſt bliſsful year
Wiſh him, as ere ſhin'd ore this Hemiſphear;
Good may the *Entrance*, better the *Middle* be,
And the *Concluſion* beſt of all the three.
Of *Joy* ungrudg'd may each day be a debter,
And evry Morn ſtill uſher in a better;
May the ſoft-gliding *Nones*, and evry *Ide*,
With all the *Calends*, ſtill ſome good betide;
May *Cynthia* with kind looks, and *Phœbus* rays
One *clear* his Nights, the other *gild* his Days:
Free Limbs, unphyſik'd Health, due Appetite,
Which no Sawce els but *Hunger* may excite:

Sound Sleeps, *green* Dreams be *His*, which repreſent
Symptomes of Health, and the next days content:
Chearful and vacant thoughts, not always bound
To Councel, or in deep Idea's drown'd:
(Though ſuch late traverſes and tumults might
Turn to a lump of care, the Airieſt wight.)
And ſince while fragile fleſh doth us array,
The *Humours* ſtill are combating for ſway
(Which, were they free of this Reluctancie,
And counter-pois'd, Man wold *immortal* be.)
May *Sanguin* ore the reſt predominate
In *Him*, and their malignant flux abate.

May his great *Queen*, in whoſe imperious Ey
Reigns ſuch a world of winning Majeſty
Like the rich Olive, or *Falernian* Vine,
Swell with more Gems of *Cions* Maſculine:
And as her *Fruit* ſprung from the *Roſe and Luce*,
(The beſt of *Stems* Earth yet did ere produce)
Is ti'd already by a Sanguin Lace,
To all the Kings of *Europes* high-born Race;
So may they ſhoot their youthful *Branches* ore
The Surging Seas, and graff with evry ſhore.

May home-commerce and Trade encreaſe from (far,
That both the *Indies* meet within his bars,
And bring in mounts of *Coin* his *Mints* to feed,
And Banquers (Trafics chief Supporters) breed,

Which

Which may enrich his Kingdoms, Court & Town,
And *ballaſt* ſtill the Coffers of the Crown:
For Kingdoms are as Ships, the Prince his Cheſts
The Ballaſt, which if empty, when diſtreſt
With ſtorms, their holds are lightly trimm'd, the
Keel
Can run no ſteady courſe, but toſs and reel.
May his *Imperial Chamber* always ply
To his deſires her wealth to multiply,
That ſhe may prize his Royal Favours more
Then all the wares fetch'd from the great *Mogor*.
May the *grand Senate*, with the *Subjects right*,
Put in the counter-Scale the *Regal might*
The flowres o'th' Crown, that they may prop each
other,
And like the Grecians *Twin* live, love together:
For the chief glory of a peeple is
The power of their King, as Theirs is His.
May he be ſtill *within himſelf* at home,
That no juſt Paſſion make the Reſon roam:
Yet *Paſſions* have their turns to rouſe the Soul,
And ſtir her ſlumb'ring ſpirits, not *controul*.
For as the Ocean beſide Ebb and Flood
(Which Natures greateſt *Clerk* ne're under-
ſtood)
Is not for ſail, if an impregning wind
Fill not the flagging Canvas; ſo a mind

Too calm, is not for Action, if desire
Heats not its self at *Passions* quickning fire:
For Nature is allow'd sometimes to muster
Her *Passions*, so they onely *blow*, not *bluster*.
May *Justice* still in her true Scales appear,
And *Honour* fix'd in no unworthy Sphear,
Unto whose Palace all access shold have
Through *Vertues* Temple, not through *Pluto's* Cave.
May his tru subjects *hearts* be his chief Fort,
Their *Purse* his Treasure, and their *Love* his Port:
Their Prayers as sweet Incence to draw down
Myriads of Blessings on his Queen and Crown.
And now that his glad presence did asswage
Scotl. That fearful Tempest in the *North* did rage:
May those Frog-vapours in the *Irish* Sky
Be scatter'd by the Beams of Majesty,
That the *Hybernian Lyre* give such a sound,
May on our Coasts with joyful *Eccho's* bound.
And when this fatal *Planet* leaves to lowr,
Which too too long on *Monarchies* doth powr
His direful influence, may *Peace* once more
Descend from *Heaven* on our tottering shore,
And ride in triumph both on Land and Main,
And with her Milk-white Steeds draw *CHARLES his Wain:*
That so for those *Saturnian* times of old,
An Age of *Perl* may come in lieu of *Gold.*

Vertu

Vertu ſtill guide his courſe; and if there be
A thing as *Fortune* Him accompany.
May no ill *Genius* haunt him, but by's ſide
The beſt *protecting-Angel* ever bide.
May *He* go on to vindicate the right
Of Holy things, and make the Temple bright,
To keep that *Faith*, that ſacred *Truth* entire,
Which he receiv'd from *Solomon* his Sire:
And ſince we all muſt hence by th' Ir'n Decree
Stamp'd in the Black Records of Deſtiny,
Late may his Life, his Glory nere wear out,
Till the great year of *Plato* wheel about.

Before

The History of

NAPLES,

Called,

PARTHENOPE,

Or,

The Virgin-City.

Salve Parthenope, Decora Salve.

PArthenope, a City bright as Gold,
Or if the Earth could bear a richer Mold,
Is come to greet *Great Britain*, (Queen of Iles)
And to exchange some *Silks* for *Wool*: She ſmiles
To find that *Cloath* ſhold wear and feel ſo fine
As do her *Grograns*; ſhe doth half repine
That *Lemſters* Ore, and Spires of fallow'd Graſs
The Leafs of *Mulberries* ſhould ſo ſurpaſs
Which ſo abound in Her, with evry thing
Which pleaſure, wealth, or wonderment can bring,
That *Nature* ſeems to ſtrive how ſhe ſhold pleaſe
Herſelf, or *Us* with rare varieties.

There

There her own Bawd to be she may be said,
As if the Wanton with her self she plaid.

Let *England* then strow Rushes all the way
To welcome in the fair *Parthenopay:*
For I dare say, she never yet came ore
In such a *Garb* to visit any shore.

Of the most curious

Gardens, Groves, Mounts, Arbours, &c.

Contriv'd, and lately made by

The Lord Vicount *Killmorry,*

At *Dutton-Hall* in *Cheshire.*

A Prosopopœia to Cheshire.

Cheshire, thou *Shire of Men*, of Mines & Mounts,
Of Squires and Barons, Palatines and Counts,
Of curious Groves and Arbours, Walks & Woods,
Prophetique Trees and Castles, Founts and Floods,
Of stately *Dee*, whereon in times of yore,
Four Kings an English Monarch row'd ashore.

Dee

Dee who runs ſporting through thy wanton Vale,
Deſcending proudly from high-creſted *Wales*.
More Rarities thou haſt, could they be told
Then once thy Roman *Legion* was of old;
Which here I will not venture to incloſe,
Th' are fitter for a Volume in rich Proſe. (*Hall*,

But now, 'mong thy choice Landskips *Dutton*-
For *Mount*, *Grove*, *Arbour*, *Well*, ſurpaſſeth all.

Killmorry Mount with *Morhall's Grove*, *Ann's Well*,
And *Dutton Arbour* bear away the Bell;
A *Mount*, which all the *Muſes* might invite,
And make them *Parnaſſe*-Hill abandon quite.
A *Grove*, which chaſte *Diana* with her train,
And all the Nymphs of *Greece* might entertain:
A *Well* for Vertue, which defiance bids,
To all, except her Neighbour *Wineſrids*
Whoſe rare Sanative Waters are ſo pure
That ſundry ſorts of Maladies can cure.
Oh, could they cure the madneſs that now raigns,
The odd *Vertigo* which diſtracts the Brains
Of many thouſands, that *Lycanthropy*,
Turns men to wolfs by ſtrange Transformity!
A Transformation *England* never knew,
Till ſhe brought forth this *Hell-bred ugly Crew*;
Such a prodigious *Metamorphoſis*,
Poor baffled *England* never felt like this.

And

And as this Princely ſeat ſo much excels,
So do the *Lord* and *Lady* who there dwells;
A brave wiſe *Peer*, a gallant fruitful *Dame*;
Both of a taintleſs and far-ſpreading fame,
Bleſs'd with an Off-ſpring numerous and fair;
The *Gerards* hence, the *Needhams* have an Heir,
And *Duttons* too: three ancient Families
From this *Prolifique Hall* now have their riſe.
In ſum: This *Noble Lady* and her *Peer*,
Of any Earthly Mortals come moſt neer,
In point of Happineſs and ſtate of Bliſs,
To thoſe white ſouls who peeple *Paradis*.

Before that Exquiſit large Peece,

A Survay

Of the City and Signory of Venice.

COuld any *State* on Earth immortal be,
Venice by her rare Government is ſhe.
Venice, great *Neptunes Minion*, ſtill a *Maid*,
Though by the *Warlik'ſt Potentats* eſſay'd,
Yet ſhe retains her Virgin-water pure,
Nor any forraign mixtures can endure,
Though, *Syren-like*, on Shore and Sea, her face
Enchants all thoſe whom once ſhe doth embrace.

Nor

Nor is there any can her Beauty prize
But he who hath beheld her with his eyes.

Theſe following Leaves diſplay, if well obſerv'd,
How ſhe ſo long her *Maiden-head* preſerv'd;
How for ſound Prudence ſhe ſtill bore the Bell,
Whence may be drawn this high-fetch'd parallel:

Venus and *Venice* are, Great *Queens* in their degree;
Venus is Queen of *Love*, Venice of *Policy*.

A Fit of
MORTIFICATION.

1. WEak crazy *Mortal*, why doſt fear
To leave this Earthly Hemiſphear?
Where all delights away do paſs
Like thy Effigies in a Glaſs,
Each thing beneath the Moon is frail and fickle;
Death ſweeps away what *Time* cuts with his ſickle.

2. This Life at beſt is but an Inn,
And we the Paſſengers, wherein
The Cloth is laid to ſome, before
They peep out of Dame Natures dore,
And warm Lodgings find, Others there are
Muſt trudge to find a room, and ſhift for fare.

3. This

3. This Life's at longeſt but one day:
He who in *Youth* poſts hence away
Leaves us i' th' *Morn*; He who who hath run
His race till *Manhood*, parts at *Noon*;
And who at ſeventy odd forſakes this light,
He may be ſaid to take his leave at *Night*.

4. One paeſt makes up the Prince and Peaſan,
Though one eat Roots, the other Feaſan:
They nothing differ in the *Stuff*,
But both extinguiſh like a Snuff.
Why then, fond Man, ſhold thy ſoul take diſmay
To ſally out of theſe groſs walls of Clay?

A

Lovers Proteſtation.

FIrſt ſhall the Heavens bright Lamp forget to ſhine,
The Stars ſhall from the Azur'd Sky decline:
Firſt ſhall the Orient with the Weſt ſhake hand,
The Centre of the World ſhall ceaſe to ſtand:
Firſt Wolves ſhall ligue with Lambs, the Dolphins (fly,
The Lawyer and Phyſitian Fees deny:

The

The *Thames* with *Tagus* ſhall exchange her bed,
My *Miſtriſs* locks with mine ſhall firſt turn red:
Firſt Heaven ſhall lie below, and Hell above,
Ere *I* inconſtant to my *Delia* prove.

Upon Himſelf, having been buried alive for many years in the Priſon of the Fleet,

By the State *or Long Parliament*
For his Loyalty.

HEre lies intomb'd a Walking Thing,
Whom *Fortune*, with the *State* did fling
Between theſe Walls. Why? Ask not that;
They both being *blind*, know not for what.

A Gradual Hymn of a double cadence, tending to the Honour of the Holy *Name of God.*

1. LEt the vaſt Univerſe,
And therein evry thing
The mighty Acts rehearſe
Of their immortal King,
His Name extol,
What to *Nadir*,
From *Zenith* ſtir,
'Twixt Pole and Pole.

2. Ye

2. Ye *Elements* that move,
And alter evry hour,
Yet herein conſtant prove,
And ſymbolize all four:
His praiſe to tell,
Mix all in one,
For Air and Tone,
To ſound this Peal.

3. *Earth*, which the Centre art,
And onely ſtandeſt ſtill,
Yet *move*, and bear thy part,
Reſound with *Ecchoes* ſhrill.
Thy *Mines* of Gold,
With Precious Stones,
And Unions,
His fame uphold.

4. Let all thy fragrant *Flowers*
Grow ſweeter by this Air;
Thy talleſt Trees and Bowers
Bud forth and bloſſom fair:
Beaſts wild and tame,
Whom Lodgings yeild,
Houſe, Dens or Field,
Collaud his Name.

5. Ye *Seas* with Earth that make
One Globe flow high, and ſwell,
Exalt your *Makers* Name,
In Deep his Wonders tell:
Leviathan,
And what doth ſwim
Neer Bank or Brim,
His Glory ſcan.

6. Ye *Airy Regions* all,
Joyn in a ſweet concent,
Blow ſuch a Madrigal
May reach the *Firmament*:
Winds, Hail, Ice, Snow,
And perly Drops
That hang on Crops,
His Wonders ſhow.

7. Pure *Element of Fire*,
With holy ſparks inflame
This Sublunary Quire,
That all one Conſort frame.
Their ſpirits raiſe
To Trumpet forth
Their *Makers* worth,
And ſound his praiſe.

8. Ye *glorious Lamps* that roul
In your Cœleſtial Sphears,
All under his controul,
Who you on Poles up-bears;
Him magnifie,
Ye Planets bright,
And fixed Lights
That deck the Skie.

O *Heav'n Chryſtalline*,
Which by the Watry hue
Doſt temper and refine
The reſt in Azur'd Blue:
His Glory ſound,
Thou firſt Mobeel,
Which mak'ſt all wheel
In circle round.

10. Ye *Glorious Souls* who raign
In ſempiternal Joy,
Free from that fleſh and pain,
Which here did you annoy,
And him behold,
In whom all Bliſs
Concentred is;
His laud unfold.

11. *Bleſs'd Maid* which doſt ſurmount
All Saints and Seraphims,
And raign'ſt as Paramount,
And chief of Cherubims;
Chaunt out his praiſe,
Who in thy Womb
Nine moneths took room,
Though crown'd with rays.

12. Oh let my *Soul* and *Heart*,
My *Mind* and *Memory*
Bear in this Hymn a part,
And joyn with Earth and Sky.
Let evry VVight,
The whole world ore,
Laud and adore
The Lord of Light.

Upon a Beutiful Valentine.

A Sonnet.

COuld I charm the Queen of Loves
To lend a Quill of her white Doves,

Or one of *Cupids* pointed wings,
Dipt in the fair Caſtalian ſprings:
Then wold I write the All-divine
Perfections of my *Valentine*.

As mongſt all flowers the *Roſe* excels,
As *Amber*, mongſt the fragrant'ſt ſmells,
As mongſt all Minerals the *Gold*,
As *Marble* mongſt the fineſt Mold,
As *Diamonds* mongſt Jewels bright,
As *Cynthia* mongſt the leſſer lights;
So mong the Northern Beauties ſhine,
So far excels my *Valentine*.

In *Rome* and *Naples* I did view
Faces of Coeleſtial hue;
Venetian Dames I have ſeen many,
(I onely ſaw them, touch'd not any)
Of *Spaniſh* Beauties, *Dutch* and *French*
I have beheld the *Quinteſſence*;
Yet ſaw I none that could out-ſhine,
Or Parallel my *Valentine*.

Th' *Italians* they are coy and quaint,
But they groſly daub and paint;
The *Spaniſh* kind are apt to pleaſe,
But ſav'ring of the ſame diſeaſe;

Of *Dutch* and *French* ſome few are comely,
The *French* are *light*, the *Dutch* are homely:
Let *Tagus*, *Po*, the *Loire* and *Rhine*
Then vail unto my *Valentine*.

Here may be ſeen pure white and red,
Not by feign'd *Art*, but *Nature* wed;
No ſimpering ſmiles, no mimic face,
Affected jeſture, or forc'd face:
A fair-ſmooth front, free from leaſt wrinkle,
Her eyes (Oy me) like Stars do twinkle.
Thus all perfections do combine
To beutifie my *Valentine*.

Upon Black Eyes, and Becoming Frowns.

A Sonnet.

Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs doth lie
My ill or happy Deſtiny:
If with clear looks you me behold,
You give me Mines and Mounts of Gold;
If you dart forth diſdainful *rays*,
To your *own dy* you turn my days.
Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell
My Bane or Bliſs, my Paradis or Hell.

That

That *Lamp* which all the Stars doth blind,
Yeilds to your luſtre in ſome kind,
Though you do wear to make you bright
No other dreſs but that of *Night*.
He glitters onely in the *Day*,
You in the *Dark* your beams diſplay.
Black Eyes, in your two Orbs by changes dwell
My Bane or Bliſs, my Paradis or Hell.

The cunning Thief that lurks for prize,
At ſome *Dark Corner* watching lies:
So that heart-robbing God doth ſtand
In your Black Lobbies ſhaft in hand,
To rifle me of what I hold
More precious far then *Indian* Gold.
Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell
My Bane or Bliſs, my Paradis or Hell.

O powerful *Negromantic* Eyes,
Who in your Circles ſtrictly pries,
Will find that *Cupid* with his Dart
In you doth practiſe the *Black Art*;
And by thoſe Spells I am poſſeſt,
Tries his concluſions in my Breſt.
Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell
My Bane or Bliſs, my Paradis or Hell.

Look on me, though in *frowning* wiſe;
Some kind of frowns become *Black* Eyes
As pointed Diamonds being ſet,
Caſt greater luſtre out of *Jet*:
Thoſe pieces we eſteem moſt rare
Which in *night-ſhadows* poſtur'd are:
Darkneſs in Churches *Congregats* the ſight
Devotion ſtraies in glaring *light*.
Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell
My Bane or Bliſs, my Paradis or Hell.

Upon Clorinda's *Mask.*

SO have I ſeen the Sun in his full pride
Ore-caſt with ſullen Clouds, and looſe his light:
So have I ſeen the brighteſt Stars denide
To ſhew their luſtre in ſome gloomy Night:
So Angels pictures have I ſeen vail'd ore,
That more devoutly men ſhould them adore:
So with a Mask I ſaw *Clorinda* hide
Her face more bright then was the *Lemnian* Bride.

Upon Dr. Davies *Britiſh-Grammar.*

'TWas a rough Task, believe it, thus to tame
A wild and *Wealthy* Language, and to frame
Grammatic toiles to curb her, ſo that ſhe
Now ſpeaks by *Rules*, and ſings by *Proſodie*:
Such is the ſtrength of Art rough things to ſhape,
And of rude Commons rich Incloſures make.
Doubtleſs much Oyl and Labour went to couch
Into Methodic Rules the rugged *Dutch*:
The *Rabbies* paſs my reach, but judge I can
Something of *Clenard* and *Quintilian*;
And for thoſe Modern Dames I find they three
Are onely lops cut from the *Latian* Tree;
And eaſie 'twas to ſquare them into parts,
The Tree it ſelf ſo bloſſoming with Arts.
I have been ſhewn for Iriſh and Baſcuence,
Imperfect Rules couch'd in an Accidence:
But I find none of theſe can take the ſtart
Of *Davies*, or that prove more *Men of Art*,
Who in exacter *Method* and clear way,
The *Idioms* of a *Language* do diſplay.
This is the *Toung* the *Birds* ſung in of old,
And *Druyds* their dark Knowledg did unfold:

Merlin in *this* his Prophecies did vent,
Which through the world of fame bear ſuch extent.
This ſpoak that Son of *Mars*, that *Britain* bold
Who firſt 'mongſt Chriſtian-Worthies is inroll'd:
This *Brennus*, who, to his deſire and glut,
This *Miſtreſs* of the world did proſtitut.
This *Arviragus* and King *Catarac*
Sole free, when all the world was on *Romes* rack.
This *Lucius* who on Angels wings did ſoar
To *Rome*, and would wear Diadem no more.
With thouſand *Hero's* more, which ſhold I tell,
This New-year ſcarce wold ſerve me: So fare well.

Upon Chriſtmas-Day.

1. HAil Holy Tide,
Wherein a Bride,
A *Virgin* (which is more)
Brought forth a Son,
The like was done
Nere in the World before.

2. Hail, Spotleſs Maid;
Who thee upbraid
To have been born in *Sin*,

Do little weigh
What in thee lay,
Before thou didſt *Lie-in.*

3. Three moneths thy Wombe
Was made the Dome
Of *Him*, whom Earth nor Air,
Nor the vaſt mold
Of Heaven can hold,
Cauſe he's *Ubiquitair.*

4. O would he daign
To reſt and raign
I'th' centre of my heart,
And make it ſtill
His Domicil,
And Reſidence in part.

5. But in ſo foul a Cell
Can he abide to dwell?
Yes, when he pleaſe to move
His Harbenger to ſweep the Room,
And with rich Odours it perfume
Of *Faith*, of *Hope*, of *Love.*

Upon my Honoured Friend and F.

Mr. Ben. Johnſon.

AND is thy Glaſs run out? is that Oyl ſpent
Which light to ſuch ſtrong ſinewy labours lent?
Well *Ben*, *I* now perceive that all the *Nine*,
Though they their utmoſt forces ſhold combine,
Cannot prevail 'gainſt *Nights three Daughters*, but
One ſtill muſt *ſpin*, one *twiſt*, the other *cut*:
Yet in deſpight of *Diſtaff*, *Clue*, and *Knife*,
Thou in thy *ſtrenuous* Lines haſt got a *Life*;
Which like thy Bays ſhall flouriſh evry Age
While *Sock* or *Buskin* ſhall aſcend the Stage.

——— *Sic vaticinatur*

J. H.

For the admitting Miſtriſs Anne King *to be the tenth Muſe.*

LAdies *of Helicon*, do not repine
I add one more unto your Number Nine

To

To make it even: *I* among you bring
No meaner then the Daughter of a *King*;
Fair *Basil-Ana*: quickly pass your voice,
I know *Apollo* will approve the choice,
And gladly her *install*, for *I* could name
Some of less merit *Goddesses* became.

A Hymn to the Blessed Trinity.

To the first Person.

TO thee, Dread *Soveraign*, and dread Lord,
Which out of Nought didst me afford
Essence and Life, who mad'st me *Man*,
And oh, much more a *Christian*:
Lo, from the centre of my heart,
All Laud and Glory I impart.
Hallelujah.

To the Second.

TO Thee blessed *Saviour* who didst free
My Soul from Satans Tyranny,
And madst her capable to be
An Angel of thy Hierarchy:
From the same Centre do *I* raise
All Honour and immortal Praise.
Hallelujah.

To

To the Third.

TO Thee ſweet *Spirit* I return
That Love wherewith my heart doth burn,
And theſe bleſs'd Notions of my Brain
I now breath up to thee again:
O let them redeſcend, and ſtill
My Soul with holy Raptures fill.

Hallelujah.

A ſhort Ejaculation.

O God, who can thoſe Paſſions tell
Wherewith my heart to Thee doth ſwell?
I cannot better them declare
Then by the Wiſh made by that rare
Aurelian Biſhop, who of old
Thy Oracles in *Hippo* told.

If I were *Thou*, and Thou wert *I*,
I would reſigne the *Deity*:
Thou ſholdſt be *God*, *I* wold be *Man*;
Is't poſſible that love more can?
Oh pardon, that my Soul hath tane
So high a flight, and grows prophane.

A Hymn of Mortification.

1. LOrd I cry,
Lord I fly
To thy Throne of Grace:
This World is irkſome unto me:
In my mind
ſtings I find
Of that diſmal place,
Where pains ſtill growing young nere die.
O thou whoſe clemency
Reacheth from Earth to Sky,
Set my ſins from me as wide
As is Eaſt
From the Weſt,
Or the Court of Bliſs
From the Infern Abyſs,
So far let us aſunder ever bide.

2. ANgels bleſt,
With the reſt
Of that Heavenly Quire,
Which Halleluja's always ſing:
Fain wold *I*
Mount on high,

And

And thoſe ſeats aſpire,
Where evry Seaſon is a conſtant Spring.
O Thou who thought'ſt no ſcorn
To be in *Bethlem* born,
Though grand Monarch of the Sky
Through a Flood
Of thy Blood
Let me ſafely dive,
And at that Port arrive,
Where I may ever reſt from ſhipwrack free.

3. *Faith* and *Hope*,
Take your ſcope,
And my Pilots be
To waft me to this bliſful Bay:
Gently guide
Through the tide
Of mans miſery,
My Bark that it looſe not the way.
When landed I ſhall be
At that *Port*, pardon me
If I bid you both farewel,
Onely *Love*
Reigns above
'Mong Cœleſtial Souls,
Where Paſſion not controuls,
Nor any thing but *Charity* doth dwell.

4. Iou

4. LOrd of light,
In thy ſight
Are thoſe Mounts of Bliſs
Which Humane Brains tranſcends ſo far,
Ear nor Ey
Can deſcry,
Nor heart fully wiſh,
Or Toungs of Men and Saints declare
Thoſe Senſe-ſurmounting Joys
That free from all annoys
For thoſe few up-treaſur'd lie,
Which ere Sun
Shone at Noon,
Have their Names enroll'd
In Characters of Gold,
Through the white Volume of *Eternity*.

A Holy

RAPTURE.

COuld I ſcrew up my Brain ſo high
With ſoaring Raptures that might fly
Unto the Empirean Sky,

How

How would *I* laud the Lord of light,
Who fills all things, and every Wight
With Plenty, Vigour and Delight?

My Voice with Hallelujahs loud
Shold pierce, and diſſipate the *Clouds*,
Which in the Airie Region croud.

Then through the Element of *Fire*
Unto the *Stars* they ſhould aſpire,
And ſo to the *Seraphick* Quire.

Thus Earth and Sky with every thing
Should joyn with me, and Carrols ſing
Unto the *Everlaſting King*.

An

EJACULATION

To my

CREATOR.

AS the parch'd Field doth thirſt for Rain
When the Dog-ſtar makes Sheep and Swain
Of an unuſual Drowth complain,
So *thirſts* my Heart for Thee.

As the chac'd Deer doth pant and bray
After ſome brook, or cooling Bay
When Hounds have worried her aſtray,
So *pants* my Heart for Thee.

As the forſaken Dove doth mone
When her beloved Mate is gone,
And never reſts while ſelf alone,
So *mones* my Heart for Thee.

Or as the Teeming Earth doth mourn
In Black (like Lover at an Urn)
Till *Titan*'s quickning Beams return,
So do I *mourn*, *mone*, *pant* and *thirſt*
For *Thee* who art my *Laſt* and *Firſt*.

Upon a Fit of
DISCONSOLATION,
or Deſpondency of Spirit.

EArly and late, both night and day,
By Moon-ſhine and the Suns bright Ray,
When ſpangling Stars emboſs'd the Sky,
And deck'd the Worlds vaſt Canopy,
I ſought the Lord of Light and Life,
But Oh my Lord kept out of ſight.

As at all *Times*, ſo evry *Place*
I made my *Church* to ſeek his Face:
In Foreſts, Chaſes, Parks and Woods,
On Mountains, Meadows, Fields and Floods,
I ſought the Lord of Life and Light,
But ſtill my Lord kept out of ſight.

On *Neptun*'s back, when I could ſee
But few pitch'd planks 'twixt Death and me,
In Freedom and in Bondage long,
With Groans and Cries, with Pray'r and Song,
I ſought the Lord of Life and Light,
But ſtill my Lord kept out of ſight.

In Chamber, Cloſet, (ſwoln with Tears)
I ſent up Vows for my Arrears;
In Chappel, Church and Sacrament,
(The Souls *Ambroſian* Nouriſhment)
I ſought the Lord of Life and Light,
But ſtill my Lord kept out of ſight.

What? is mild Heaven turn'd to Braſs,
That neither ſigh nor ſob can paſs?
Is all Commerce 'Twixt Earth and Sky
Cut off from *Adams* Progeny?
That thus the Lord of Life and Light
Should ſo, ſo long keep out of ſight?

Such Paſſions did my mind aſſail,
Such terrours did my ſpirits quail,
When lo, a beam of Grace ſhot out
Through the dark clouds of ſin and doubt,
Which did ſuch quickning ſparkles dart,
That pierc'd the centre of my heart.

O how my ſpirits came again,
How evry cranny of my brain
Was fill'd with heat and wonderment,
With joy and raviſhing content,
When thus the Lord of Life and Light
Did re-appeer unto my ſight?

Learn Sinners hence, 'tis nere too late
To knock and cry at Heavens gate;
That Begger's bleſs'd who doth not faint,
But re-inforceth ſtill his plaint:
The longer that the Lord doth hide his Face,
More bright will be his after-beams of Grace.

Upon the most Noble Work of the
Lo. Mar. of Wincheſter,
By rendring the French Gallery of Ladies *into*
Engliſh.

1. THe World of *Ladies* muſt be honour'd much,
That ſo ſublime a Perſonage, that ſuch
A Noble Peer, and Pen ſhould thus diſplay
Their Vertues, and expoſe them to the day.

2. *His* praiſes are like thoſe coruſcant Beams
VVhich *Phœbus* on high Rocks of Cryſtal ſtreams:
The Matter and the Agent grace each other:
So *Danae* did when *Jove* made her a Mother.

3. Queens, Counteſſes and Ladies go, unlock
Your Cabinets, draw forth your richeſt ſtock
Of Jewels, and his Coronet adorn
VVith Rubies, Perl, and Saphyres yet unworn.

4. Riſe early, gather flow'rs now in the ſpring,
Twiſt wreaths of Laurel, and freſh Garlands bring
To crown the Temples of this high-born Peer,
And make him your *Apollo* all the yeer.
And when his ſoul ſhall leave this Earthly Mine,
Then offer ſacrifice unto his ſhrine.

Upon the untimely Death of the Lord

Fra. Villars,

Kill'd neer Kingston upon Thames.

HEre lies a Noble *Posthumus* inhum'd,
VVhose youthful breath that *Sanguin* Field perfum'd
Where while his heart with Martial flames did swell,
Among a Cru of *Cannibals* he fell.
Such a hard Destiny did post from hence
His gallant *Sire*, yet with this difference:
One Assassin fell'd him, but this brave Spray
Base Rebels in whole throngs did rend away.

Upon the Holy Sacrament.

I.

HAil holy Sacrament,
The worlds great VVonderment,
Mysterious Banquet, much more rare
Then Manna, or the Angels fare;
Each crum, though sinners on thee feed,
Doth *Cleopatra*'s Perl exceed.

Oh how my *Soul* doth hunger, thirſt and pine
After theſe Cates ſo precious, ſo divine!

2.

She need not bring her Stool
As ſome unbidden Fool;
The Maſter of this Heavenly Feaſt
Invites and wooes her for his Gueſt:
Though Deaf and Lame, Forlorn and Blind,
Yet welcome here ſhe's ſure to find,
So that ſhe bring a Veſtment for the day,
And her old tatter'd Rags throw quite away.

3.

This is *Bethſaida*'s Pool
That can both cleanſe and cool
Poor leprous and diſeaſed ſouls,
An Angel here keeps and controuls,
Deſcending gently from the Heavens above
To ſtir the waters; May He alſo move
My mind, and rockie heart ſo ſtrike and rend,
That tears may thence guſh out with them to blend.

A Divine
EJACULATION.

AS to the *Pole* the *Lilly* bends
In a Sea-compaſs, and ſtill tends
By a Magnetic Myſtery
Unto the Artic point in Sky,
Whereby the doubtful Piloteer
His courſe in gloomy Nights doth ſteer;

So the ſmall Needle of my Heart
Moves to her Maker, who doth dart
Atomes of Love, and ſo attracts
All my affections, which like ſparks
Fly up, and guide my Soul by this
To the tru centre of her Bliſs.

Of the Scene, and ingenious Compoſure of a
Florentine *Tragi-Comedy.*

FLorence 'mong Cities bears the name of *Fair*
For Streets and ſtately Structures, Site & Air:

A City, as a late Hiſtorian ſays,
Fit onely to be ſeen on Holy-days.
She breeds great Wits for high attempts and truſt,
Though often bent on black *Revenge* and *Luſt*,
We know the pureſt *Streams* have wooſe and ſlime,
So *Vices* mix with *Vertu* in this Clime;
And there are ſtore of *Stories* in that kind,
Which as I write, come crowding to my mind:
But *this* of yours will ſerve for *all*, which is
Compil'd with ſo much Art, that doubtful 'tis
VVhether the *Toſcan* Actors ſhew'd more *Wit*
In *plotting*, as *You* did in *penning* it.

Upon the Poems of Dr. Aylet,
An Ancient Maſter of the Chancery.

THough the *Caſtalian* Dames (and all the reſt
Of women-kind) love youthful ſpirits beſt,
Yet I have known them oftentimes inſpire
Autumnal brains with heats of *Enthean* fire:
Nay, 'tis obſerv'd in thoſe whom *Phœbus* loves,
The more the *Senſe* impairs, the *Soul* improves;
He darts on *Aged Trees* ſo bright a ſtroke,
As on the *Standel* of a luſtie Oke.

This work of yours, this mirrour of your minde,
Is a clear proof hereof, wherein I finde
Your *Autumn*, *Spring*, and *Summer* ſtill the ſame,
Your *Evening*, *Morn* and *Noon* have the like flame
Of *Apollinean* fire, in ſuch degree
May melt the Readers into *Poeſie*:
Your Fancie with the Leaf doth neither fall
Nor fade, but ſtill is ſappy, ſtreight and tall.
Here are no whimſies, and ſtrong Lines that ſwell,
And more of Garlick then the Lamp do ſmell;
Such as thoſe rambling Rimers uſe to vent,
Who raiſe their Muſe on ſtilts, and not content
To tread on earth, do mount ſo high a ſtair,
That their conceits prove Non-ſenſe, Froth and *Air*.
Here's no ſuch Stuff, but Subſtance and rare Senſe,
Sound Rules and Precepts may be cull'd out hence:
Your Quadrains Symphonize with *Pybracks* ſtrains,
As if his Soul were tranſient in your brains.
Your ſmooth juſt Cadencies, and gentle Verſe,
Suit with the pious Matter you rehearſe,
As all will judge, who have their brains well knit,
And do not love extravagance of Wit.
If ſuch your Readers be, you need not fly
From any Sentence to the *Chancery*.

The Description of a
Morning Expergefaction,
After an unusual Dream or Vision.
1656.

SO Rest to Motion, Night to Day doth yeild,
Silence to Noise, the Stars do quit the Field,
My *Cinq Ports* all fly ope, the *Phantasie*
Gives way to *outward* Objects, *Ear* and *Eye*
Resume their Office, so doth *Hand* and *Lip*;
I hear the Carmans Wheel, the Coachmans Whip.
The Prentice (with my sense) his Shop unlocks,
The Milk-maid seeks her Pail, Porters their frocks;
All cries and sounds return, except one thing
I hear no Bell for *Mattins* Toll or Ring.
Being thus awak'd, and staring on the light
Which *silver'd* all my face and glaring sight,
I clos'd my eyes again, to recollect
What I had dreamt, and make my thoughts reflect
Upon themselves, which here I do expose
To evry knowing Soul: and may all those
(Whose Brains *Apollo* with his gentle Ray
Hath moulded of a more refined Clay)

That

That read this *Dream*, thereby ſuch *Profit* reap
As I did *Pleſure*; Then they have *It* cheap.

Eſt ſenſibilium ſimia ſomnium,

J. H.

To

Mrs. E. B.

Upon a ſudden

SURPRISAL.

Apelles, Prince of Painters, did
All others in that *Art* exceed;
But *You* ſurpaſs him, for He took
Some *Pains* and *Time* to draw a Look;
You in a trice and moments ſpace,
Have *Pourtray'd* in my Heart your Face.

Upon the Nativity of our Saviour,

Chriſtmas-Day.

1. WOnder of Wonders, *Earth* with *Sky*
Time mingleth with *Eternity*,
And *Matter* with *Immenſity*.

2. The *Sun* becomes an *Atom*, and a *Star*
Turns to a *Candle* to light Kings from far
To ſee a ſpectacle ſo wondrous rare.

3. A *Virgin* bears a *Son*, that Son doth bear
A world of ſin, acquitting mans arrear
Since guilty *Adam* fig-tree leaves did wear.

4. A Majeſty both *infinit* and juſt
Offended was, therefore the Offering muſt
Be ſuch, to expiat frail fleſh and duſt.

5. When no ſuch *Victime* could be found
Throughout the whole Expanſive round
Of Heaven, of Air, of Sea or Ground,

6. The *Prince of Life* Himſelf deſcends
To make *Aſtræa* full amends,
And Human Soul from Hell defends.

7. Was

7. Was ever such a Love as this,
That the *Eternal* Heir of Bliss
Should stoop to such a *low* Abyss?

To my Dear Mother,

The University of OXFORD,

Before

Mr. *Cartwrights* Poems

Of

CHRIST-CHURCH.

1650.

Alma Mater,

MAny do suck thy *Breasts*, but *now* in some
Thy *Milk* turns into *froth*, and spumy *scum*:
In *Others* it converts to *rheum* and *fleam*,
Or some poor *Wheyish* stuff in steed of *Cream*.
In *Some* it doth *Malignant Humors* breed,
And make the *Head* turn *round*, (as that side *Tweed*)
Which *Humors* vaporing up into the *Brains*,
Break out to odd *Fanatik* sottish strains;
It makes them *dote* and *rave*, *fret*, *fume* and *foam*,
And strangely from the *Text* in Pulpits *roam*:

When

Upon the Nativity of our Saviour,

Chriſtmas-Day.

1. WOnder of Wonders, *Earth* with *Sky*
Time mingleth with *Eternity*,
And *Matter* with *Immenſity*.

2. The *Sun* becomes an *Atom*, and a *Star*
Turns to a *Candle* to light Kings from far
To ſee a ſpectacle ſo wondrous rare.

3. A *Virgin* bears a *Son*, that Son doth bear
A world of ſin, acquitting mans arrear
Since guilty *Adam* fig-tree leaves did wear.

4. A Majeſty both *infinit* and juſt
Offended was, therefore the Offering muſt
Be ſuch, to expiat frail fleſh and duſt.

5. When no ſuch *Victime* could be found
Throughout the whole Expanſive round
Of Heaven, of Air, of Sea or Ground,

6. The *Prince of Life* Himſelf deſcends
To make *Aſtræa* full amends,
And Human Soul from Hell defends.

7. Was

7. Was ever ſuch a Love as this,
That the *Eternal* Heir of Bliſs
Should ſtoop to ſuch a *low* Abyſs?

To my Dear Mother,
The Univerſity of OXFORD,
Before
Mr. *Cartwrights* Poems
Of
CHRIST-CHURCH.
1650.

Alma Mater,

MAny do ſuck thy *Breaſts*, but *now* in ſome
Thy *Milk* turns into *froth*, and ſpumy *ſcum*:
In *Others* it converts to *rheum* and *fleam*,
Or ſome poor *Wheyiſh* ſtuff in ſteed of *Cream*.
In *Some* it doth *Malignant Humors* breed,
And make the *Head* turn *round*, (as that ſide *Tweed*)
Which *Humors* vaporing up into the *Brains*,
Speak out to odd *Fanatik* ſottiſh ſtrains;
It makes them *dote* and *rave*, *fret*, *fume* and *foam*,
And ſtrangely from the *Text* in Pulpits *roam*:

When

When they ſhold preach of *Rheims*, they praſe of *Rome*;
Their Theme is *Birch*, their Preachment is of *Brome*;
Nor mong thy *Foorders* onely ſuch are found,
But who came ore the *Bridge* are much more *Round*.

Some of thy Sons prove Baſtards, ſordid, baſe,
Who having ſuck'd Thee throw Dirt in Thy face:
When they have ſqueez'd thy Nipples and chafe Paps,
They daſh thee on the *Noſe* with Frumps and Raps.
They grumble at thy *Commons*, *Buildings*, *Rents*,
And wold Thee bring to *Farthing Decrements*.

Few by thy *Milk* ſound *Nutriment* now gain,
For want of good *Concoction* from the Brain.
But this choice *Son* of Thine is no ſuch *Brat*;
Thy *Milk* in Him did ſo *Coagulat*,
That it became *Elixir*, as we ſee,
In theſe ſmooth ſtreams of fluent Poeſie.

Upon a Cupboard of Venice-*Glaſſes, ſent for a New-years-gift to a choice Lady.*

Madame,

IF on this New-years-gift you caſt an eye,
You plainly may therein at once deſcry
A twofold quality; for there will appear
A brittle ſubſtance, but the Object clear.

So in the *Donor*, Madame, you may ſee
Theſe Qualities inherent for to be:
His *Pow'r* which brittle little is, *Helas*,
His *Mind* ſincere, and pure as any Glaſs.

The old Philoſpher did wiſh there were
A window in his Heart of Chryſtal clear,
Through which his friends might the more clearly (ſee
His inward Paſſions, and Integrity.

I wiſh the like, for then you *ſure* wold reſt
Of my clear Mind, and motions of my Breſt.

But if it queſtion'd be to what intent
With *Venice*-Glaſſes I do you preſent,
I anſwer, That I could no Gift perceive
So fit for me to give, you to receive:
For thoſe rare Graces that in you excel,
And *you* that hold them, one may parallel

When they ſhold preach of *Rheims*, they prate of
Rome;
Their Theme is *Birch*, their Preachment is of *Brome*;
Nor mong thy *Foorders* onely ſuch are found,
But who came ore the *Bridge* are much more
Round.

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Who having ſuck'd Thee throw Dirt in Thy face:
When they have ſqueez'd thy Nipples and chaſe
Paps,
They daſh thee on the *Noſe* with Frumps and Raps:
They grumble at thy *Commons*, *Buildings*, *Rents*,
And wold Thee bring to *Farthing Decrements*.

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A window in his Heart of Chryſtal clear,
Through which his friends might the more clearly (ſee
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Of my clear Mind, and motions of my Breſt.

But if it queſtion'd be to what intent
With *Venice*-Glaſſes I do you preſent,
I anſwer, That I could no Gift perceive
So fit for me to give, you to receive:
For thoſe rare Graces that in you excel,
And *you* that hold them, one may parallel

Unto a *Venice-Glaſs*, which as 'tis *clear*,
And can admit no *poyſon* to come near,
So *Vertu* dwells in you, nor can endure
That *Vice* ſhold harbour in a Breſt ſo *pure*.

A Paſſionat

E L E G I E

Upon His Long-endeared Friend,

Daniel Caldwal *Eſq*;

A Heart high ſwoln with grief in this ſad Verſe,
Lets fall theſe *brackiſh* tears upon thy Herſe,
Diſtill'd from that *pure Salt* of long-bred Love,
Which twice ten Summers did betwixt us move.

O how my Soul doth melt when my Thoughts run
Upon thoſe days our friendſhip firſt begun
Among the Muſes on fair *Iſis* banks,
Where Youth doth play ſo many ſportful pranks;
When Liberty ore-aw'd by Tutors frown,
And Mirth half-ſtoln is far more pleaſing known.

From *Iſis* to the *Thames* Affections flew,
And with new ſparks of Love ſtill hotter grew;
Nere *Damon* to his *Pythias* prov'd more dear
Then *Dan* to Me; nere ſhin'd their love more clear,

Thoſe *Twins* which now in Azur'd Skies do glide,
And *Pilots* through rough *Neptun*'s Surges guide.
Our Souls did ſeem to one another paſs
By Tranſmigration; an *Elizium* was
There where we met: We did ſo ſympathize,
That Hearts ſeem'd to make Sallies through the eys.

Thus liv'd we long, till all-diſpoſing Fate
To check this friendſhip Us did ſeparate,
Put Seas between Us, many thouſand mile
Thrice cut me from my *Dan* and *Albions* Ile.

Yet, maugre this large diſtance We did meet,
And ſtill by Internuntial Letters greet.

The Horizon of *Love* is large, He ſpies
His wiſhed Object whereſoere it lies,
From *Pole* to *Pole*, from *Thule* unto *Gades*,
He flying ſoars through Air, through Seas he wades.

This found I tru, when *Tagus*, *Loire* and *Po*,
Clowd-threatning *Alps*, and *Pyrenean* Snow
I croſs'd, me thought the further ſtill I ſteer'd
My *Dan* ſtill nearer to my mind appeer'd;
My thoughts by day, my phanſie by night
Would frequently convay him to my ſight:
I miſs'd, and found *Him*; miſs'd him to the eye,
Yet found him in my Breſt ſtill conſtant lie;
And by this miſs, that Axiom tru did note,
Sometimes Love's ſweeteſt when 'tis moſt remote.

O how my thoughts kept Festival that day
Did Letters from my *Dan* to me convay;
Letters which I shall keep as sacred Ties,
As holy Reliques, or rich Legacies.
Dear Quintessential Mate, what can express
The deep-fetch'd sighs my trembling heart possess!
Silence best can: how roars the shallow Source,
While without noise great Rivers run their course?
Small Love doth speak, and is sometimes acute,
While deep Affection stunn'd with grief stands mute.
But is *Dan* dead? Oh no, now He begins
To live, He's got among the *Seraphins*:
Where He doth Nectar quaff with Glory crown'd,
While his sad Spouse still bears his Deaths deep wound
In her chast Breast, and Heart big-swoln with Woes,
More dolorous then all her Childbed Throes.
Farewel, dear Soul, raign in *Elyzian* Bliss,
And take this pure untainted Sacrifice,
Which on Love's Altar doth like Incense flame
To thy still-fragrant Memory and Fame.
Farewel, until we meet, and make in Sky
Among the Stars another *Gemini*.

An

An
ELEGIE
Upon his Tomb in Horndon-Hill *Church,*
Erected by his Wife, Who ſpeaks,

TAke, Gentle Marble to thy truſt,
And keep untouch'd this ſacred Duſt:
Grow moiſt *ſometimes, that I may ſee*
Thou weep'ſt *in ſympathy with* Me;
And when by Him *I here ſhall ſleep,*
My Aſhes *alſo ſafely keep,*

And from rude Hands preſerve Us Both, until
We riſe to Sion Mount *from* Horndon-Hill.

Sent with a Prayer-Book to a Pious Lady.

Madame,

WHat I by way of *Token* ſend, you may
By way of *Sacrifice* to Heav'n convay,
And to an *Off'ring* turn my *Gift*, more dear
To *God* then Piles of Frankincenſe and Myrr.
But when for *Others* you to *Him* direct
Your *Prayers*, let your thoughts ſometimes reflect
Upon *J. H.*

To DELIA.

ABout the light as the poor Fly
Doth flutter and approach ſo nigh,
Till up and down as ſhe ſtill skips,
Her Lawny Wings with fire ſhe clips:
So my Affection bout the Eyes
Of Heart-inflaming *Delia* flyes;
Till *Phœnix*-like they into *Aſhes* burn,
And *new Affections* ſtill riſe from their *Urn*.

A ſudden
SPECULATION
Beyond the Seas.

ALthough my Body many thouſand mile
Be diſtant from ſweet *Albions Woolly Ile*,
Yet neither *Land* nor *Sea*, nor *Air* nor *Wind*,
Nor *Heav'n* it ſelf, can keep from thence my *Mind*;
But that each moment of the fleeting day,
My *Thoughts* to *England* may Themſelfs convay.

Of
Female Hypocrisie,

In a short Dialog twixt Dion *and* Thyrsis.

Dion.

THyrsis, I stand amaz'd how Nature could
Compose a Fabrick of so rich a mould,
That *outwardly* looks like a *Seraphin*,
But a *Megera* if you pry *within*.

Thyrsis.

Whom mean you, *Dion*, that you thus descry
By such gros's taintures of *Hypocrisie*?
For hence you must infer that Nature's blind,
Or els she must be *partial* in her kind.

Dion.

O *Thyrsis*, if that Saint-like Fiend you knew,
That sowr-sweet, real, yet dissembling Hue
Of *Livia*, sure you wold be chang'd to wonder,
That Nature in her works should so much blunder.

Her *Eyes* are like thoſe Heaven *Twins*, except
That of *Themſelfs* they ſhine, not by *reflect*,
Wherein through Cryſtal Caſements one may ſpy
The Queen of Love ſeated in Majeſty.
Her *Forehead* as the Marble ſmooth and plain,
Her *Cheeks* alike, but that half dy'd in Grain:
Her *Treſſes* might ſerve for a Net to take
A Hermit, or an Angel captive make.
A *Smile* to move a *Stoik*, a *Voice* ſo ſhrill
That all *Arcadia* wold with Eccho's fill;
A ſweeter *Breath* never perfum'd the Air;
Leaſt touch of *Lip* would a dead Corps repair.

Theſe are Perfections in *Exterior* ſhew;
But if her *inward Qualities* you knew,
What you *ador'd* before you would *deteſt*,
Turn *Love* to *Hate*, (or *Pity* at the leaſt.)
Her *Breaſt's a Shop of Fraud*, her *Heart* a *Mill*
That reſtleſs thoughts do *grind* to wound or kill,
Her *Brain's* a *Still* that at all hours doth ſtrain
Deſtructive cruel Notions of *Diſdain*.
Her *Eyes* are Windows of *Falſe Lights*, and cries,
Her *Toung* a flap of Perjury and Lyes:
Her *Chin* is *double* like her *Heart*; Her *Cheeks*
Have *Pits*, as 'twere to *bury* whom ſhe ſeeks
For to deſtroy. ——

Thyrsis.

Is't possible so fair a *Back* should hide
So black a *Trunk*, or so much *Ill* should bide
In such Seraphik Beauties? Shells of Gold,
Can they within such rotten Kernels hold?
Can in smooth gliding streams *Carybdies* dwell?
Or in one place cohabit Heav'n and Hell?
Can *Livia* be so beauteous to th' Eyes,
And lodg *within* such foul deformities?

Dion.

'Tis so: whence I infer how tru I find,
No trust is to be put in Woman-kind.

Of some,
Who blending their Brains together, platted
how to bespatter one of the Muses
choicest Sons *and* Servants,
Sir Will. Davenant, *Knight and* Poet.

POets like *Princes* may denounce a War,
They may like *Common Mortals* clash and jar,
Turn *privat* Feuds to *publick*, and asperse
(Justly sometimes) each others *Muse* and Verse.

But

But whoſo blurs *Davenants Heroick* ſtrains
Do ſhew more *Gall in Breſt*, then *Wit in Brains:*
Their Sculls are like a Siringe cramm'd with Dirt,
Which as they on ſome Marble Pillar ſpirt,
Bounds on their grinning Faces back again,
So doth *Themſelfs* more then the *Marble* ſtain.

Upon Mr. Cleveland.

IS *Cleveland* dead? and will not the whole *Quire*
Of *Muſes* mourn, and put on *black* attire?
Nay, their great God *Apollo* ſhold me thinks
Wear *Sable* too, and dart his Rays through *Chinks*.

Is *Cleveland* gone? Sure in this *long-North-wind*
Some *Scottiſh Witch* convey'd her *Imps* to find
Him out, and in revenge made League with *Death*
To *murther* him ſo ſoon, and ſtop his breath:
Yet had his *Body* match'd his *Wit* in *might*,
He had in pure clear ſtrength put both to flight.

One thing I do admire, we have no more
Of that *large ſtock* the Stars gave him in ſtore;
Which could he have bequeath'd by Legacy,
It equall'd had Saint *Mark*'s rich Treſury.

But my hopes are, that he hath left behind
Some *Poſthume* Pieces to enrich mankind,

Which

Which with th' *inſpiring* Odors they will caſt,
May make new Poets, not like *Him* in haſt.

Upon

Dr. *Howel*, Lord Biſhop of *Briſtol*,

Who died a little after the putting down of Epiſcopacy.

Rumpendo in Lachrymas facit Indignatio Verſum.

O Were I raptur'd into Verſe
To write with fury on thy Herſe,
O could I ſtrangle with a wiſh
Steel'd Clotho, and *Stern Lacheſis*
With their own Thred, or cut the Life
Of *Atropos* with her own *Knife*.
Or could I meet that *Bald-Pate Churl*,
With his All-mowing Sith, I'd hurl,
And tumble *Him*, with all the *Three*
Down to the Pit in lieu of *Thee*:
So *Man* ſhold be *Lord* of his Age,
And free from their Tyrannik rage.

But much they need not boaſt, or vaunt to have
This Saint-like Prelat ſent unto his Grave:
For *He*, good Soul, was *Mortifi'd* before,
And got almoſt in ſight of Heav'ns bleſs'd ſhore,

He might be call'd during his Lifes ſhort ſpan
Terreſtrial *Angel*, or Cœleſtial Man.

But Oh, it is not *He* who di'd alone,
For *Prelacy* Herſelf with him is gone:
Englands whole *Hierarchy* (ſad Tale to tell)
At the ſame time did breathe Her laſt, and fell.

1647.

Before the Second Part
Of
DODONAS GROVE.

FRom the pure Air of *Greece*, the ancient Nource
Of Learning, and Philoſophy's chief Source,
Dodona ſends her *Trees* to re-ſalute
The *Queen of Iles*; they all this while ſtood mute,
And muffled in a cloſe unlucky Fog,
That the whole Grove appear'd like one great Log.

When a freſh Breeze did Blow, and re-inſpire
Their Leafs with Language like an Orphean Lyre,
To tell the gazing world what a dire ſtroke,
Or fatal clap of Thunder cruſh'd the Oke;
How all the *Shrubs* grew *Wood*, and ſtrangely mad,
As if ſome *Hemlock* them intoxed had:

And how the *Thiſtle* that *Blue round-top'd* Weed
Did by his prickles all theſe miſchiefs breed.
If in this *Bleaker* Air *Dodona* finds
To nip her Buds any *Malignant* Winds,
She quickly can tranſplant without deſpair,
To ſhoot Her bloſſoms in ſome gentler Air.

The Concluſion of the Second Part
Of
DODONAS GROVE.

THus far have we purſu'd the *doubtful* Fate
Of the *Druinian Oke*, and tott'ring State,
When the firſt *Northern Blaſts* upon him blew,
Which ſuch a world of miſchiefs with them drew.
Dodona next ſhall trembling tell
VVhat a ſad period *Him* befel;
How, to Mankinds eternal wonder,
His Trunk from top was cleft aſunder.
VVhence *Kings* may learn, that by this Blow,
They are made All *Plebeans* now.

To my moſt Endeared

R. Altham, *Eſq;*

RAre Youth, I ſtand aſtoniſh'd at thy wit,
So quaint, ſo pregnant, and ſo full of ſp'rit;
As if the *Theſpian Dames* for a new Mate,
Another young *Apollo* would create.
Thoſe few Caſtalian drops which once I drank
At *Aganippes* honey-ſuckled bank,
Are now exhauſted much by long diſuſe;
By cares and cumbers, Travels far, my Muſe
Is dull'd, but yours more ripe, and perfect grows,
Now yours doth *Knot*, now your Invention flows.
O how thoſe Golden days did ſweetly ſhine,
VVhen Contubernal Love did us combine!
VVhen with encircling Arms I faſt would keep,
And with old Stories lull us both aſleep.
But that tim's paſt, and paſſeth ſtill, that *Time*
VVould ſcarce permit Me to make up my *Rime*.

Upon

Upon

A New-fashion'd Table-Book,

Sent Him for a Token from Amsterdam.

SUppose this Book the Table be
Of a cleer Heart engag'd to Thee,
Wherein could I so pithy prove,
As write the story of our Love;
Within each Leaf I wold infold
The brightest Characters of Gold.
But how can such large Matter be
Couch'd in so streight a room by Me?
Unless I had *His Art* who put
Great *Homers* Iliads in a Nut.

Upon

EASTER-DAY.

HAil, *Holy Morn*, the Morn that made appear
Two *Suns* at once above this Hemisphear:

One,

One, the *Great Eye* of the low world, ſo bright,
That it gives evry thing both *Heat* and *Light*;
Th' Other tranſcending *Him* in Light ſo far
As *He* excels any inferior *Star*:
The *Sun of Righteouſneſs*; He who diſplays
Upon the *inward* man his Heav'nly Rays.
O that thoſe Rays wold on my Soul reflect
By the bleſs'd influence of his Aſpect,
To penetrat the Centre of my *Heart*,
And thence exhale all the Terreſtrial Part.

A
PARALLEL
Twixt
ANGELS and MEN.

THat which the ſmalleſt *Fly* we ſee
Is, if to *Man* it equall'd be,
Such a proportion *Man* may bear
With thoſe of the *Seraphik* Sphear.
Men are at beſt but *Earths Free-Denizens*,
Angels are *Heav'ns Immortal Citizens*.

Man hardly on the *Sun* can look,
Or his coruscant lustre brook:
But *Angels* can behold the sight
Of *Him* who made that *Sun* and Light.
Then what is purblind *Man*, if one should dare
Unto a glorious *Angel* him compare?

Earth with the *Sky* bears no proportion,
'Tis but a *Point* of no Dimension;
It doth not match, much less exceed
The smallest Grain of Mustard-seed:
Then what proportion can (I'd fain be told)
A *Human* Creture with a *Heavenly* hold?

Yet let not *Man* dejected be
At such a mighty odds, for *He*
Is born himself to be in time
An *Angel*, and the Stars to clime
By that Immortal *Soul*, and precious Guest
He lodgeth in his *Spirits*, *Brain* and *Breast*.

To my choice, and most endeared Friend,

Mr. *R. A.*

In answer to a Poem of His.

AS when *Aurora* with her cheerful Creſt
Mounts our Horizon, then both Bird & Beaſt
Renew their vigour; ſo your quickning ſtrains
My drooping ſpirits rais'd, and rowz'd my brains:
Wherein the flames of love ſuch beams did dart,
That pierc'd the very centre of my heart.

For as my Eyes your charming Numbers view'd,
My Lips, me thought, with Nectar were bedew'd;
As if *Thalia* from *Apollo*'s Mount
An *Ode* had ſent dipp'd in the *Theſpian-Fount*:
Each Line did lim you out, each Word did ſhow
This Verſe, this Stile from *Althams* brain did flow.

Rare flowr of Wit, *Minerva*'s Minion,
The Muſes Gem, Honors adopted Son,
What Anſwer ſhall I make for to expreſs
That Quinteſſential Love I Thee profeſs?

If *Letters* can by Aiery ſpirits ſend
A diſtant Heart, behold my Breaſt I rend,

And

And send you mine: O but long ago
This purchase you have got, full well you know;
Enjoy it still, and as your years accrew,
Let mutual Passions still this Love renew
This *bond* of Love which Fortune, Time, nor Fate
Shall ever *cancel* till Lifes utmost date:
But as the amorous *Vine* her *Elm* doth grasp,
Twine both our souls, and with embraces clasp.

Upon this rare Erotique *Subject,*

The Master-piece of Love,

By Mr. *Loveday.*

AS *Pearl* among *Gems*, so among the *Passions Love*
Excels, and in the highest Orb doth move,
Her Sisters *Faith* and *Hope* attend us here,
While through frail *Elements* our course we steer:
But *Love soars* with the *Soul* beyond the Sky,
Being *Imp'd in Her* to all Eternity.
But what was here a *Passion* that did *burn*,
And cool by fits, shall there be *fix'd*, and turn
To an *Angelik* Nature ever free
From all such humours of inconstancy.
This Author doth that *Passion* so display,
And in such high Ideas, that He may

Stand to be *Chair-man*, and so sit above
The *Common Masters* in the School of *Love*.

To his worthy Friend,

Mr. Wallan,

Upon the View of his

ASTRÆA.

MAy great *Apollo*, and his charming *Quire*
Of *Girls* nere more my Brain inspire:
May I nere fetch more Naps on *Parnasse* Mount,
Or drink one drop of the *Castalian* Fount,
If with *Astrea* I am not so grown
In love, that I could wish she were *mine own*.

A Pregnant Vow;

For a ſafe and ſeaſonable Delivery

To

The Excellent Lady, the Lady

KATHERINE,

Marchioneſs of Dorcheſter.

To Lucina.

HAil, gentle Goddeſſe, Midwifes Queen
Which pregnant Wombs from pain doſt free,
May thy beſt care and skill be ſeen
In haſtning this Delivery,
To hanſel (as their Hopes are fair)
The Princely Parents with an *Heir.*

May *Sol* at his Nativity
With *Venus* in Conjunction be;
May that Auſpicious *Signe* then raign
Which hath Dominion ore the *Brain*
(The *Souls* chief Palace) to inſpire
His Intellect with *Embean* fire.

May *Cynthia* then at full appeer,
Not pale or red, but white and cleer,

May *Thames* be at her highest pride,
Dated with a smooth *Spring*-tide:
May the whole Region here below
With sweet *Favonian* breezes blow.

And since the Month's like to be May

And thence exhale all the Terrestrial Part.

A

PARALLEL

Twixt

ANGELS and MEN.

That which the smallest *Fly* we see
Is, if to *Man* it equall'd be,
Such a proportion *Man* may bear
With those of the *Seraphik* Sphear.

Men are at best but *Earths Free-Denizens*,
Angels are *Heav'ns Immortal Citizens*,

So that old *Albion* may from thence
Grow younger by their *Influence*.

May no ill-boding Blazing Star,
No *Northern Mist*, or Civil War,
No lowring Planet ever reign

It doth not match, much less exceed
The smallest Grain of Mustard-seed:
Then what proportion can (I'd fain be told)
A *Human* Creture with a *Heavenly* hold?

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May *Cynthia* then at full appeer,
Not pale or red, but white and cleer,

May *Thames* be at her highest pride,
Fleeted with a smooth *Spring*-tide:
May the whole Region here below
With sweet *Favonian* breezes blow,

And since the Month's like to be *May*
When *Ceres* looks so fresh and gay,
When every bush doth blossoms bring,
And every Bird doth Carrols sing:
May all these Auguries conspire
To make the *Infant* like the *Sire*;
And what more happiness then *This*,
Can Mother hope, or Mortal wish?

Upon his Majesties Return,
With the Dukes of York and Gloceſter.

THe *Stars* of late Eccentrik went
Out of the *British* Firmament,
But now they are *fix'd* there again,
And all concentred in *Charles* wain;
Where, since just Heaven did them restore,
They shine more glorious then before.

Long may they glitter in that Sky,
With Beams of new Refulgency;
May great *Apollo* from his Sphear
Encrease their lights, and motions cheer,

So

So that old *Albion* may from thence
Grow younger by their *Influence*.

May no ill-boding Blazing Star,
No *Northern Mist*, or Civil War,
No lowring Planet ever raign
Their lustre to obscure again,
But may whole Heav'n be fair and cleer,
And every Star a *Cavalier*.

Before

ΘΗΡΟΔΟΤΑΙ

Or,

The Parly of Beasts. 1658.

TRees spake before, now the same strength of Art
Makes Beasts to cun the *Alphabet* by heart,
And cut their *Breaths* to sound *Articulat*
Discoursive congruous Accents to prolate:
For *Speech* is breath, Breath *Air* let in and out,
But 'tis the *Mind* that brings the work about.
Such a rare Charter the worlds *Architect*
Vouchsaf'd to give *the Human* Intellect
To *create Words*: for 'tis *Mankind* alone
Can *Language* frame, and *syllabize* the tone.

But here *Beasts* speak, they mone, chide, cry, com-
And at the Bar of *Justice* men arraign: (plain,
Such

Such are our trying sins, that Beasts resent
Our wickedness, and wretched case lament.
Which shews the world is Hectical, and near
Its great, and fatal Climacterik year:
The whole Creation mourns, and doth deplore
The rueful state of *Human Kind*; Therefore
If Men cannot be warn'd when *Men* do teach,
Then let them hearken here what *Beasts* do preach:

In Formas mutatâ novas Mens dicere gestit
Corpora; & in primas iterum transversa Figuras,
Dii faveant captis.

An Eucharistical Rapture,
With
A Gradual *Hymn to the Heavenly Hierarchy.*

NAtures great God, the Cause of Causes be
Ador'd and prais'd to all Eternity:
That supreme Good, that Quintessential Light,
VVhich quickens all that's hidden or in sight,
VVhich breathd in Man the *Intellectual Soul*,
Thereby to rule all Cretures, and controul
What Water, Earth, or Air produce ——

The

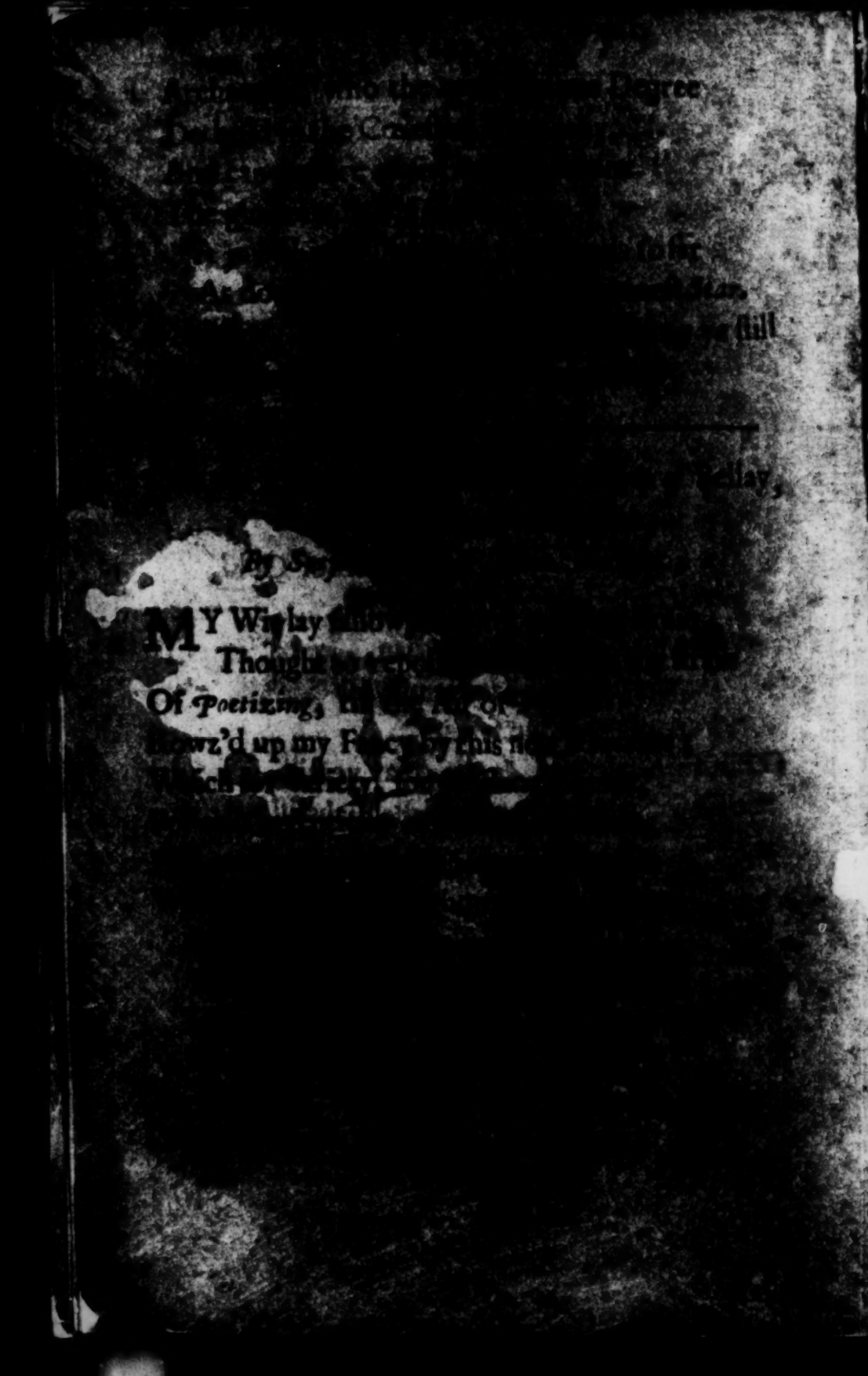
The Hymn.

O Holy Souls, O Heavenly Saints,
Who from corruption, and the taints
Of flesh and blood, from pain and tears,
From pining griefs, and panting fears,
And from all passions except *Love*
(Which only raigns with you *above*)
Are now exempt, and made in endless Bliss
Free Denizens, and Heirs of Paradis.

O glorious Angels, who behold
The Lord of Light from Thrones of Gold,
Yet do vouchsafe to look on *Man*,
To be his Guide and Gardian,
Praying always that He may be
Partner of your felicity.
O Blissful *Saints* and *Angels*, may ye still
The Court of Heav'n with Hallelujahs fill.

Seraphik Powers, Cherubs, Thrones,
Vertues, and Dominations,
Supernal Principalities,
Glories, and *Intelligencies*
Who guide the course of Stars in Sky,
And what in their vast Concaves lie,
May ye for ever great *Jehovah*'s Will,
And his Commands throughout the world fulfil.

Archangels,



Thus thy Diviner Muse mounts to the *Skies*,
And Heaven fills with holy Rapsodies,
Fit to make Hymns for the Celestial Quire,
And Angels with their Melody inspire.

On Doctor Charletons *learned Piece, by proving that* Stone-henge *is a* Danish-*Monument, In his* New Survey.

'Tis hard to cleer *Old Truths*, but to unmask
An *Old-grown Errour*, is a greater Task:
This You have done, and undeceiv'd Mankind
Of an *Opinion* kept us long so blind.
Wherefore in this *Survey* by just *Extent*
You have made *Stone-henge* your own *Monument*.

Of Mrs. Diana Bill,
Born and Baptiz'd lately in Cane-wood,
hard by High-gate.

Where should *Diana* properly be born
But in a *Wood*? A Wood that thinks it scorn
To yield to *Tempe*, or *Didona Grove*,
Which consecrated was to mighty *Jove*:
A Wood whence great *Diana's Temple* may
In fewer four thousand paces ell each day

With

With a *huge City**, who her Name doth owe
Unto that *Goddess*, as good Stories show.

May this new-born *Diana* like *Caine-wood*
Grow up and Taper, Germinat and Bud;
And in due course of yeers be fitly *Mand*
To spread the Race of Noble *Westmerland*.

* *London.*

Upon Her Majesties 31 *days saying from* Lisbon *to* England.

GReat *Britains* Queen launching into the Deep,
From *Tagus* to the *Thames* her Court to keep,
Neptun and *Eolus*, as they joyntly strove
To do Her Homage, fell so far in love
With Her Seraphic countenance and grace,
That They *so long* kept Her in their Embrace.
Another Cause might be why Heav'n did please
She shold so long stay steering on the Seas,
That coming to be Queen of that *great King*
To whom so many *Seas Allegeance* bring,
She might some skill in *Navigation* gain,
And learn with *Him* how to command the *Main*.

Upon

Upon the Posthume-Poems of Mr. Lovelace.

THe Rose with other fragrant flowrs smell best
When they are pluck'd, and worn in Hand or Brest;
So this fair *Flowr* of Vertu, this rare *Bud*
Of *Wit*, smells now as fresh as when he stood,
And in these *Posthume-Poems* lets us know
That he upon the banks of *Helicon* did grow,
The beuty of his Soul did correspond
With his fair outside, if not go beyond.
Lovelace the Minion of the *Thespian* Dames,
Apollo's Darling born with *Enthean* flames,
Which in his Numbers wave, and shine so cleer,
As sparks refracted from rich Gems appeer
Such sparks that with their Atoms may inspire
The Reader with a pure *Poetik* fire.

Upon the Great Climacterik Year ... 63.

HE who nine seven in seven nine years
Upon his stooping sholders bears,

When

When ore his head the glorious *Sun*
About the worſd his courſe hath run
Sixty three times, and on that ſcore
Hath *felt* eight hundred *Moons* and more;
'Tis time, high time that He ſhold ply
The *Art* of Learning how to Die,
And think all *Sounds* his *Paſſing-Bell*,
To bid the *Lower World* Farewel.

Alia Deſunt.

FINIS.

Upon the moſt Noble Work of the
Lo. Mar. of Wincheſter,

By rendring the French Gallery of Ladies *into*
Engliſh.

1. THe World of Ladies muſt be honour'd much,
That ſo ſublime a Perſonage, that ſuch
A Noble Peer, and Pen ſhould thus diſplay
Their Vertues, and expoſe them to the day.

2. *His* praiſes are like thoſe coruſcant Beams
VVhich *Phœbus* on high Rocks of Cryſtal ſtreams:
The Matter and the Agent grace each other:
So *Danae* did when *Jove* made her a Mother.

3. Queens, Counteſſes and Ladies go, unlock
Your Cabinets, draw forth your richeſt ſtock
Of Jewels, and his Coronet adorn
VVith Rubies, Perl, and Saphyres yet unworn.

4. Riſe early, gather flow'rs now in the ſpring,
Twiſt wreaths of Laurel, and freſh Garlands bring
To crown the Temples of this high-born Peer,
And make him your *Apollo* all the yeer.
And when his ſoul ſhall leave this Earthly Mine,
Then offer ſacrifice unto his ſhrine.

Upon

Upon the untimely Death of the Lord
Fra. Villars,
Kill'd neer Kingſton upon Thames.

HEre lies a Noble *Poſthumus* inhum'd,
VVhoſe youthful breath that *Sanguin* Field perfum'd
Where while his heart with Martial flames did ſwell,
Among a Cru of *Cannibals* he fell.
Such a hard Deſtiny did poſt from hence
His gallant *Sire*, yet with this difference:
One Aſſaſſin fell'd him, but this brave Spray
Baſe Rebels in whole throngs did rend away.

Upon the Holy Sacrament.

1.

HAil holy Sacrament,
The worlds great VVonderment,
Myſterious Banquet, much more rare
Then Manna, or the Angels fare;
Each crum, though ſinners on thee feed,
Doth *Cleopatra*'s Perl exceed.

Oh how my *Soul* doth hunger, thirſt and pine
After theſe Cates ſo precious, ſo divine!

2.

She need not bring her Stool
As ſome unbidden Fool;
The Maſter of this Heavenly Feaſt
Invites and wooes her for his Gueſt:
Though Deaf and Lame, Forlorn and Blind,
Yet welcome here ſhe's ſure to find,
So that ſhe bring a Veſtment for the day,
And her old tatter'd Rags throw quite away.

3.

This is *Bethſaida*'s Pool
That can both clenſe and cool
Poor leprous and diſeaſed ſouls,
An Angel here keeps and controuls,
Deſcending gently from the Heavens above
To ſtir the waters; May He alſo move
My mind, and rockie heart ſo ſtrike and rend,
That tears may thence guſh out with them to blend.

A Divine
EJACULATION.

AS to the *Pole* the *Lilly* bends
In a Sea-compaſs, and ſtill tends
By a Magnetic Myſtery
Unto the Artic point in Sky,
Whereby the doubtful Piloteer
His courſe in gloomy Nights doth ſteer;

So the ſmall Needle of my Heart
Moves to her Maker, who doth dart
Atomes of Love, and ſo attracts
All my affections, which like ſparks
Fly up, and guide my Soul by this
To the tru centre of her Bliſs.

Of the Scene, and ingenious Compoſure of a
Florentine *Tragi-Comedy.*

FLorence 'mong Cities bears the name of *Fair*
For Streets and ſtately Structures, Site & Air:

A City, as a late Hiſtorian ſays,
Fit onely to be ſeen on Holy-days.
She breeds great Wits for high attempts and truſt,
Though often bent on black *Revenge* and *Luſt*,
We know the pureſt *Streams* have wooſe and ſlime,
So *Vices* mix with *Vertu* in this Clime;
And there are ſtore of *Stories* in that kind,
Which as I write, come crowding to my mind:
But *this* of yours will ſerve for *all*, which is
Compil'd with ſo much Art, that doubtful 'tis
VVhether the *Toſcan* Actors ſhew'd more *Wit*
In *plotting*, as *You* did in *penning* it.

Upon the Poems of Dr. Aylet,
An Ancient Maſter of the Chancery.

THough the *Caſtalian* Dames (and all the reſt
Of women-kind) love youthful ſpirits beſt,
Yet I have known them oftentimes inſpire
Autumnal brains with heats of *Enthean* fire:
Nay, 'tis obſerv'd in thoſe whom *Phœbus* loves,
The more the *Senſe* impairs, the *Soul* improves;
He darts on *Aged Trees* ſo bright a ſtroke,
As on the *Standel* of a luſtie Oke.

This

This work of yours, this mirrour of your minde,
Is a clear proof hereof, wherein I finde
Your *Autumn*, *Spring*, and *Summer* ſtill the ſame,
Your *Evening*, *Morn* and *Noon* have the like flame
Of *Apollinean* fire, in ſuch degree
May melt the Readers into *Poeſie*:
Your Fancie with the Leaf doth neither fall
Nor fade, but ſtill is ſappy, ſtreight and tall.
Here are no whimſies, and ſtrong Lines that ſwell,
And more of Garlick then the Lamp do ſmell;
Such as thoſe rambling Rimers uſe to vent,
Who raiſe their Muſe on ſtilts, and not content
To tread on earth, do mount ſo high a ſtair,
That their conceits prove Non-ſenſe, Froth and *Air*.
Here's no ſuch Stuff, but Subſtance and rare Senſe,
Sound Rules and Precepts may be cull'd out hence:
Your Quadrains Symphonize with *Pybracks* ſtrains,
As if his Soul were tranſient in your brains.
Your ſmooth juſt Cadencies, and gentle Verſe,
Suit with the pious Matter you rehearſe,
As all will judge, who have their brains well knit,
And do not love extravagance of Wit.
If ſuch your Readers be, you need not fly
From any Sentence to the *Chancery*.

The Deſcription of a
Morning Expergetaction,
After an unuſual Dream or Viſion.
1656.

SO Reſt to Motion, Night to Day doth yeild,
Silence to Noiſe, the Stars do quit the Field,
My *Cinq Ports* all fly ope, the *Phantaſie*
Gives way to *outward* Objects, *Ear* and *Eye*
Reſume their Office, ſo doth *Hand* and *Lip*;
I hear the Carmans Wheel, the Coachmans Whip.
The Prentice (with my ſenſe) his Shop unlocks,
The Milk-maid ſeeks her Pail, Porters their frocks;
All cries and ſounds return, except one thing
I hear no Bell for *Mattins* Toll or Ring.
Being thus awak'd, and ſtaring on the light
Which *ſilver'd* all my face and glaring ſight,
I clos'd my eyes again, to recollect
What I had dreamt, and make my thoughts reflect
Upon themſelves, which here I do expoſe
To evry knowing Soul: and may all thoſe
(Whoſe Brains *Apollo* with his gentle Ray
Hath moulded of a more refined Clay)

That

That read this *Dream*, thereby ſuch *Profit* reap
As I did *Pleſure*; Then they have *It* cheap.

Eſt ſenſibilium ſimia ſomnium,

J. H.

To

Mrs. *E. B.*

Upon a ſudden

SURPRISAL.

Apelles, Prince of Painters, did
All others in that *Art* exceed:
But *You* ſurpaſs him, for He took
Some *Pains* and *Time* to draw a Look;
You in a trice and moments ſpace,
Have *Pourtray'd* in my Heart your Face.

Upon the Nativity of our Saviour,

Chriſtmas-Day.

1. WOnder of Wonders, *Earth* with *Sky*
Time mingleth with *Eternity*,
And *Matter* with *Immenſity*.

2. The *Sun* becomes an *Atom*, and a *Star*
Turns to a *Candle* to light Kings from far
To ſee a ſpectacle ſo wondrous rare.

3. A *Virgin* bears a *Son*, that Son doth bear
A world of ſin, acquitting mans arrear
Since guilty *Adam* fig-tree leaves did wear.

4. A Majeſty both *infinit* and juſt
Offended was, therefore the Offering muſt
Be ſuch, to expiat frail fleſh and duſt.

5. When no ſuch *Victime* could be found
Throughout the whole Expanſive round
Of Heaven, of Air, of Sea or Ground,

6. The *Prince of Life* Himſelf deſcends
To make *Aſtræa* full amends,
And Human Soul from Hell defends.

7. Was

7. Was ever ſuch a Love as this,
That the *Eternal* Heir of Bliſs
Should ſtoop to ſuch a *low* Abyſs?

To my Dear Mother,
The Univerſity of OXFORD,
Before
Mr. *Cartwrights* Poems
Of
CHRIST-CHURCH.
1650.

Alma Mater,

MAny do ſuck thy *Breaſts*, but *now* in ſome
Thy *Milk* turns into *froth*, and ſpumy *ſcum*:
In *Others* it converts to *rheum* and *fleam*,
Or ſome poor *Wheyiſh* ſtuff in ſteed of *Cream*.

In *Some* it doth *Malignant Humors* breed,
And make the *Head* turn *round*, (as that ſide *Tweed*)
Which *Humors* vaporing up into the *Brains*,
Break out to odd *Fanatik* ſottiſh ſtrains;
It makes them *dote* and *rave*, *fret*, *fume* and *foam*,
And ſtrangely from the *Text* in Pulpits *roam*:

When

When they ſhold preach of *Rheims*, they prate of
Rome;
Their Theme is *Birch*, their Preachment is of *Brome*;
Nor mong thy *Foorders* onely ſuch are found,
But who came ore the *Bridge* are much more
Round.

Some of thy Sons prove Baſtards, ſordid, baſe,
Who having ſuck'd Thee throw Dirt in Thy face:
When they have ſqueez'd thy Nipples and chaſte
Paps,
They daſh thee on the *Noſe* with Frumps and Raps:
They grumble at thy *Commons*, *Buildings*, *Rents*,
And wold Thee bring to *Farthing Decrements*.

Few by thy *Milk* ſound *Nutriment* now gain,
For want of good *Concoction* from the Brain.

But this choice *Son* of Thine is no ſuch *Brat*;
Thy *Milk* in Him did ſo *Coagulat*,
That it became *Elixir*, as we ſee,
In theſe ſmooth ſtreams of fluent Poeſie.

To the Rarely Ingenious

Mrs. A. Weemes,

Upon Her

Supplement

To

Sir *Philip Sydneys* Arcadia.

If a *Male Soul* by *Tranſmigration* can
Paſs to a *Female*, and Her ſpirits *Man*,
Then ſure ſome *Sparks* of *Sydneys* Soul hath flown
Into your Breaſt, which may in time be blown
To *Flames*; for 'tis the courſe of *Enthean Fire*
To kindle by degrees, and Brains inſpire:
As Buds to Bloſſoms, Bloſſoms turn to Fruit,
So Wits ask Time to ripen and recruit.

But yours gives Time the ſtart, as All may ſee
In this ſmooth *Peece* of *Early* Poeſie:

Which like ſparks of one flame may well aſpire,
If *Phœbus* pleaſe, to a *Sydneyan* Fire.

A ſudden Rapture
Upon the Horrid Murthering of his late Majeſty.

SO fell great *Britains Oke* by a *Wild* Crew
Of *Mongrel Shrubs* which underneath Him *grew*;
So fell the *Lyon* by a pack of *Curs*,
So the *Roſe* wither'd twixt a Knot of *Burs*.
So fell the *Eagle* by a ſwarm of *Gnats*,
So the *Whale* periſh'd 'twixt a *Shoal* of *Sprats*.

An
EPITAPH
Upon
CHARLES *the Firſt.*
Παθημάρχος.

IF to *Subdu Himſelf*, if to obtain
A Conqueſt ore the *Paſſions*, be to Raign,
Here lies the *Greateſt King*, (who can ſay more?)
Of All can come *behind*, or went *before*.

Upon

Upon a Cupboard of Venice-*Glaſſes, ſent for a New-years-gift to a choice Lady.*

Madame,

IF on this New-years-gift you caſt an eye,
You plainly may therein at once deſcry
A twofold quality; for there will appear
A brittle ſubſtance, but the Object clear.

So in the *Donor*, Madame, you may ſee
Theſe Qualities inherent for to be:
His *Pow'r* which brittle little is, *Helas*,
His *Mind* ſincere, and pure as any Glaſs.

The old Philoſpher did wiſh there were
A window in his Heart of Chryſtal clear,
Through which his friends might the more clearly (ſee
His inward Paſſions, and Integrity.

I wiſh the like, for then you *ſure* wold reſt
Of my clear Mind, and motions of my Breſt.

But if it queſtion'd be to what intent
With *Venice*-Glaſſes I do you preſent,
I anſwer, That I could no Gift perceive
So fit for me to give, you to receive:
For thoſe rare Graces that in you excel,
And *you* that hold them, one may parallel

Unto a *Venice-Glaſs*, which as 'tis *clear*,
And can admit no *poyſon* to come near,
So *Vertu* dwells in you, nor can endure
That *Vice* ſhold harbour in a Breſt ſo *pure*.

A Paſſionat

E L E G I E

Upon His Long-endeared Friend,

Daniel Caldwal *Eſq*;

A Heart high ſwoln with grief in this ſad Verſe,
Lets fall theſe *brackiſh* tears upon thy Herſe,
Diſtill'd from that *pure Salt* of long-bred Love,
Which twice ten Summers did betwixt us move.

O how my Soul doth melt when my Thoughts run
Upon thoſe days our friendſhip firſt begun
Among the Muſes on fair *Iſis* banks,
Where Youth doth play ſo many ſportful pranks;
When Liberty ore-aw'd by Tutors frown,
And Mirth half-ſtoln is far more pleaſing known.

From *Iſis* to the *Thames* Affections flew,
And with new ſparks of Love ſtill hotter grew:
Nere *Damon* to his *Pythias* prov'd more dear
Then *Dan* to Me; nere ſhin'd their love more clear.

Thoſe

Thoſe *Twins* which now in Azur'd Skies do glide,
And *Pilots* through rough *Neptun*'s Surges guide.
Our Souls did ſeem to one another paſs
By Tranſmigration; an *Elizium* was
There where we met: We did ſo ſympathize,
That Hearts ſeem'd to make Sallies through the eys.

Thus liv'd we long, till all-diſpoſing Fate
To check this friendſhip Us did ſeparate,
Put Seas between Us, many thouſand mile
Thrice cut me from my *Dan* and *Albions* Ile.

Yet, maugre this large diſtance We did meet,
And ſtill by Internuntial Letters greet.

The Horizon of *Love* is large, He ſpies
His wiſhed Object whereſoere it lies,
From *Pole* to *Pole*, from *Thule* unto *Gades*,
He flying ſoars through Air, through Seas he wades.

This found I tru, when *Tagus*, *Loire* and *Po*,
Clowd-threatning *Alps*, and *Pyrenean* Snow
I croſs'd, me thought the further ſtill I ſteer'd
My *Dan* ſtill nearer to my mind appeer'd;
My thoughts by day, my phantaſie by night
Would frequently convay him to my ſight:
I miſs'd, and found *Him*; miſs'd him to the eye,
Yet found him in my Breſt ſtill conſtant lie;
And by this miſs, that Axiom tru did note,
Sometimes Love's ſweeteſt when 'tis moſt remote.

O how my thoughts kept Feſtival that day
Did Letters from my *Dan* to me convay;
Letters which I ſhall keep as ſacred Ties,
As holy Reliques, or rich Legacies.

Dear Quinteſſential Mate, what can expreſs
The deep-fetch'd ſighs my trembling heart poſſeſs!
Silence beſt can: how roars the ſhallow Source,
While without noiſe great Rivers run their courſe?
Small Love doth ſpeak, and is ſometimes acute,
While deep Affection ſtunn'd with grief ſtands mute.

But is *Dan* dead? Oh no, now He begins
To live, He's got among the *Seraphins:*
Where He doth Nectar quaff with Glory crown'd,
While his ſad Spouſe ſtill bears his Deaths deep wound
In her chaſt Breſt, and Heart big-ſwoln with Woes,
More dolorous then all her Childbed Throes.

Farewel, dear Soul, raign in *Elyzian* Bliſs,
And take this pure untainted Sacrifice,
Which on Love's Altar doth like Incenſe flame
To thy ſtill-fragrant Memory and Fame.

Farewel, until we meet, and make in Sky
Among the Stars another *Gemini.*

An

E L E G I E

Upon his Tomb in Horndon-Hill *Church,*
Erected by his Wife, Who ſpeaks,

TAke, Gentle Marble to thy truſt,
And keep untouch'd this ſacred Duſt:
Grow moiſt *ſometimes, that I may ſee*
Thou weep'ſt *in ſympathy with* Me;
And when by Him *I here ſhall ſleep,*
My Aſhes *alſo ſafely keep,*
And from rude Hands preſerve Us Both, until
We riſe to Sion Mount *from* Horndon-Hill.

Sent with a Prayer-Book to a
Pious Lady.

Madame,

WHat I by way of *Token* ſend, you may
By way of *Sacrifice* to Heav'n convay,
And to an *Off'ring* turn my *Gift,* more dear
To *God* then Piles of Frankincenſe and Myrr.
But when for *Others* you to *Him* direct
Your *Prayers,* let your thoughts ſometimes reflect
Upon *J. H.*

To DELIA.

ABout the light as the poor Fly
Doth flutter and approach ſo nigh,
Till up and down as ſhe ſtill skips,
Her Lawny Wings with fire ſhe clips:
So my Affection bout the Eyes
Of Heart-inflaming *Delia* flyes;
Till *Phœnix*-like they into *Aſhes* burn,
And *new Affections* ſtill riſe from their *Urn*.

A ſudden
SPECULATION
Beyond the Seas.

ALthough my Body many thouſand mile
Be diſtant from ſweet *Albions Woolly Ile*,
Yet neither *Land* nor *Sea*, nor *Air* nor *Wind*,
Nor *Heav'n* it ſelf, can keep from thence my *Mind*;
But that each moment of the fleeting day,
My *Thoughts* to *England* may Themſelfs convay.

Of

Of
Female Hypocriſie,
In a ſhort Dialog twixt Dion *and* Thyrſis.

Dion.

THyrſis, I ſtand amaz'd how Nature could
Compoſe a Fabrick of ſo rich a mould,
That *outwardly* looks like a *Seraphin*,
But a *Megera* if you pry *within*.

Thyrſis.

Whom mean you, *Dion*, that you thus deſcry
By ſuch groſs taintures of *Hypocriſie* ?
For hence you muſt infer that Nature's blind,
Or els ſhe muſt be *partial* in her kind.

Dion.

O *Thyrſis*, if that Saint-like Fiend you knew,
That ſowr-ſweet, real, yet diſſembling Hue
Of *Livia*, ſure you wold be chang'd to wonder,
That Nature in her works ſhould ſo much blunder.

Her *Eyes* are like thoſe Heaven *Twins*, except
That of *Themſelfs* they ſhine, not by *reflect*,
Wherein through Cryſtal Caſements one may ſpy
The Queen of Love ſeated in Majeſty.
Her *Forehead* as the Marble ſmooth and plain,
Her *Cheeks* alike, but that half dy'd in Grain:
Her *Treſſes* might ſerve for a Net to take
A Hermit, or an Angel captive make.
A *Smile* to move a *Stoik*, a *Voice* ſo ſhrill,
That all *Arcadia* wold with Eccho's fill:
A ſweeter *Breath* never perfum'd the Air;
Leaſt touch of *Lip* would a dead Corps repair.

Theſe are Perfections in *Exterior* ſhew;
But if her *inward Qualities* you knew,
What you *ador'd* before you would *deteſt*,
Turn *Love* to *Hate*, (or *Pity* at the leaſt.)
Her *Breaſt*'s a *Shop of Fraud*, her *Heart* a *Mill*
That reſtleſs thoughts do *grind* to wound or kill.
Her *Brain*'s a *Still* that at all hours doth ſtrain
Deſtructive cruel Notions of *Diſdain*.
Her *Eyes* are Windows of *Falſe Lights*, and cries,
Her *Toung* a flap of Perjury and Lyes;
Her *Chin* is *double* like her *Heart*; Her *Cheeks*
Have *Pits*, as 'twere to *bury* whom ſhe ſeeks
For to deſtroy. ——

Thyrſis.

Is't poſſible ſo fair a *Bark* ſhold hide
So black a *Trunk*, or ſo much *Ill* ſhold bide
In ſuch Seraphik Beuties? Shells of Gold,
Can they within ſuch rotten Kernels hold?
Can in ſmooth gliding ſtreams *Carybdies* dwell?
Or in one place cohabit Heav'n and Hell?
Can *Livia* be ſo beuteous to th' Eyes,
And lodg *within* ſuch foul deformities?

Dion.

'Tis ſo: whence I infer how tru I find,
No truſt is to be put in Woman-kind.

Of ſome,
Who blending their Brains together, plotted
how to beſpatter one of the Muſes
choiceſt Sons *and* Servants,

Sir Will. Davenant, *Knight and* Poet.

POets like *Princes* may denounce a War,
They may like *Common Mortals* claſh and jar,
Turn *privat* Feuds to *publick*, and aſperſe
(Juſtly ſometimes) each others *Muſe* and Verſe.

But

But whoſo blurs *Davenants Heroick* ſtrains
Do ſhew more *Gall in Breſt*, then *Wit in Brains:*
Their Sculls are like a Siringe cramm'd with Dirt,
Which as they on ſome Marble Pillar ſpirt,
Bounds on their grinning Faces back again,
So doth *Themſelfs* more then the *Marble* ſtain.

Upon Mr. Cleveland.

IS *Cleveland* dead? and will not the whole *Quire*
Of *Muſes* mourn, and put on *black* attire?
Nay, their great God *Apollo* ſhold me thinks
Wear *Sable* too, and dart his Rays through *Chinks*.

Is *Cleveland* gone? Sure in this *long-North-wind*
Some *Scottiſh Witch* convey'd her *Imps* to find
Him out, and in revenge made League with *Death*
To *murther* him ſo ſoon, and ſtop his breath:
Yet had his *Body* match'd his *Wit* in *might*,
He had in pure clear ſtrength put both to flight.

One thing I do admire, we have no more
Of that *large ſtock* the Stars gave him in ſtore;
VVhich could he have bequeath'd by Legacy,
It equall'd had Saint *Mark*'s rich Treſury.

But my hopes are, that he hath left behind
Some *Poſthume* Pieces to enrich mankind,

Which

Which with th' *inſpiring* Odors they will caſt,
May make new Poets, not like *Him* in haſt.

Upon

Dr. *Howel*, Lord Biſhop of *Briſtol*,

Who died a little after the putting down of Epiſcopacy.

Rumpendo in Lachrymas facit Indignatio Verſum.

O Were I raptur'd into Verſe
To write with fury on thy Herſe,
O could I ſtrangle with a wiſh
Steel'd Clotho, and *Stern Lacheſis*
With their own Thred, or cut the Life
Of *Atropos* with her own *Knife*.
Or could I meet that *Bald-Pate Churl*,
With his All-mowing Sith, I'd hurl,
And tumble *Him*, with all the *Three*
Down to the Pit in lieu of *Thee*:
So *Man* ſhold be *Lord* of his Age,
And free from their Tyrannik rage.

But much they need not boaſt, or vaunt to have
This Saint-like Prelat ſent unto his Grave:
For *He*, good Soul, was *Mortifi'd* before,
And got almoſt in ſight of Heav'ns bleſs'd ſhore.

He